The Outlook

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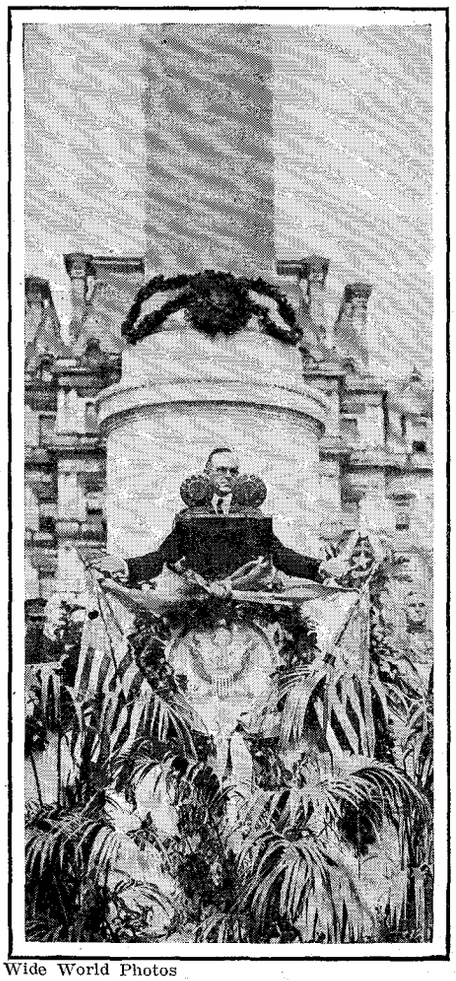
A Granite Spokesman

GENERAL PERSHING'S Division was first in war. In peace it has been first to erect a National memorial to its dead. The First Division led the American way overseas. It continued to be first all the way through the American chapter of the World War. On a granite shaft at Washington is inscribed the course of its service from the day of its first action to the Coblenz Bridgehead, where after the Armistice it began the watch on the Rhine.

Many fine and appropriate sentiments were voiced on Saturday, October 4, under the memorial on the Indian Summer day of its dedication by the war chaplain of the division, by General Summerall, by the Secretary of War, by the President. Amplifiers spread their words abroad over Potomac Park and up to the highest windows of the War Department filled with clustered heads of office-holders. In distant cities the same words issued hoarsely from radios to crowds chafing impatiently for news of the World Series. What the speakers said will soon be forgotten. In the printed babel of baseball their words that afternoon were lost. The granite column itself said more and said it better.

In another way the occasion was as peculiarly American in spirit as the monument itself. We are a peace-loving people, abundantly capable of fight. But no one witnessing the ceremony of commemoration could accuse us of being a military nation. Officers saluted the reviewing stand in a variety of ways. A few forgot to salute altogether. The sharp cadences of war-time marches played stirringly by the bands proved too fast for the relaxed nerves of peace. The front ranks kept time, the others were out of step. Men kept their hats on as the colors went by. Washington was preoccupied that day by the National game. A mere handful of spectators gathered to witness the parade and do honor to a National memory. Some individuals, parading in motor-cars, smoked on their way past the monument, and one individual protruded his bare head smilingly through a limousine window as he chewed gum and waved his hand amiably to the standees on the curb.

In one respect this newest addition to Washington's memorials suffers from its location. The Washington Monument, first of all, dwarfs it, dominates it. But as it faces the great obelisk across the misty trees of the park, the memorial of the First Division speaks the same valiant message of the American spirit in peace as in war—greater than divisions, triumphing over imperfect ceremonial with its more perfect truth—the same message which makes the simpler, greater shaft of granite symbolic of the founder of the Republic, the beautiful city that bears his name, and the nation to which he gave life and being.



Wide World Photos

President Coolidge speaking at the unveiling of the monument to the First Division in Washington

For New York's Self-Respect

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in accepting the nomination as Republican candidate for the Governorship of New York, declared himself in favor of the enactment of a State law to enforce prohibition.

With this announcement an issue has been joined between him and Governor Smith which involves much more than the merits or demerits of prohibition itself. Although declaring himself in favor of law enforcement, Governor Smith has pursued a policy that was bound to render enforcement of the Federal Prohibition Act difficult. The increase in alcoholism since the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Act as a result of Governor Smith's attitude can be read in statistics. It is not merely that people are exercising a liberty of which they feel they have been deprived by an unjust law; it is rather that criminals, people that make money out of breaking the law, are finding that they can commit crime of a certain kind profitably. And one of the worst features of the present situation is that New York State is in the shameful position of having to see a matter of crime against its own peace and order a subject of Federal authority. So far as we know, there is no other State in the Union that has no liquor law whatever of its own. The situation amounts to abject abdication of a universally recognized State right. Colonel Roosevelt has pledged himself to see that this is corrected.

For the past two years control of the Legislature has been divided between the parties. There has been obstruction on both sides. Whatever good has been done through legislation brings some credit to each party. The condition with regard to the liquor law, however, is scandalous. The issue presented by that condition should of itself be enough to insure Colonel Roosevelt's election.

The Aluminum Controversy

WHEN at this stage of a Presidential campaign a fierce attack is made upon an individual who is a member of

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the Administration, it is well to be cautious in examining the basis of the attack. So far as we can judge, in the newspaper endeavor to hold Secretary Mellon responsible for whatever may need changing in the relations of the aluminum industry to business and to the tariff it is not alleged that illegal acts have been performed by Mr. Mellon, while the question whether that industry has obtained unfair advantages by reason of its tariff rates is one for the courts to decide after their examination of the statements made by the Federal Trade Commission. As the matter now stands, the questions involved are fundamentally economic and the charges against the Secretary of the Treasury as a member of the Aluminum Company of America in no sense involve personal wrongdoing.

The fact that it is well to go slow in accepting newspaper charges at this time is emphasized when we find that the New York "World," which has been pushing the attack, admits that it has made serious blunders in its assertions. For instance, its charge that the Aluminum Company of America paid forty per cent dividends last year is a ridiculous blunder; some supposed expert interpreted the statement that the company had paid ten per cent in quarterly payments to mean a total annual dividend of forty per cent! So also with the "World's" charge that the Aluminum Company had increased its capitalization more than three times between 1913 and 1921. It now explains that this is not true, but that net capital investment had increased.

We have not seen the report of the Federal Trade Commission, and must therefore postpone a full discussion of its dealing with the aluminum matter. As outlined in newspaper despatches, it says in substance that the Aluminum Company of America has complete control of the production of aluminum in this country; that because it is practically the only source of supply and because it has a high protective tariff rate it is enabled to control the price of the metal aluminum in this country, and therefore to keep up the price unduly; this statement and the statement that price discrimination and special discounts as between dealers have resulted amount to a charge that this company is acting in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. If, as has been charged in the newspaper controversy against the company, the tariff increase was wrong, that is not a charge against the industry, but against the Tariff Law and Congress.

Like other questions relating to monopoly and semi-monopoly, and to prices as between the corporation, the dealer, and the consumer, deep and complex economic questions are involved. These doubtless will be dealt with in due course, and dealt with, it is to be hoped, after they have ceased to be exploited for political purposes.

Waste Paper

How many people realize the wasteful method of distributing millions of Government publications?

Every member of Congress has a fixed quota allotted to him annually for free distribution, and in addition to this nearly every Government department prints thousands of its own publications for free distribution. In this connection it is interesting to note that the folding room of the House of Representatives recently had to dispose of an accumulation of more than a million obsolete and useless publications which members had failed to send to their constituents. The Senate folding room likewise had to dispose of nearly 900,000 documents, more than fifty tons of which were sold as waste paper. Thus in eight years it is estimated that at least 2,000,000 documents that had never been taken out of their wrappers in the Congressional folding room nor opened by a single reader since the day they came from the Government presses were disposed of as waste paper to make room for the incoming millions of documents doomed to a similar fate.

Estimating the cost of these 2,000,000 documents at fifty cents each, which is considered a conservative figure for bound volumes, the actual loss for eight years amounted to at least a million dollars. Even this large sum does not begin to cover the undoubtedly greater extravagance resulting from the distribution of many millions of other publications that were franked at Government expense to persons who had no use for or interest in such gifts from their Congressmen.

Even now the folding rooms of the Capitol are filled with thousands of publications which are either obsolete or useless for public distribution. In the storage vaults of the Capitol, it is said, may be found annual reports on finance dating back as far as 1876, as well as agricultural year books of the crop of 1879 and similar publications.

The tremendous waste of free distribution, or, rather, lack of distribution, is not chargeable wholly to Congress. The Superintendent of Public Documents had on hand in the Government Printing Office storerooms at the close of the last fiscal year more than thirty million copies of Government publications. Of this number more than 27,000,000 were printed for free distribution, on orders issued by the various Government departments and establishments.

It seems fair to assume that the total waste of publications printed for free distribution by the departments during the past ten years will be fully 25,000,000 copies. Figuring the cost of these publications at 20 cents each, the total loss to the Government may be placed at $5,000,000 for the ten years; this in addition to the estimated loss of $1,000,000 in eight years on free publications which Congress likewise failed to distribute.

It seems that the total loss to the Government on publications printed for free distribution by Congress and the departments may be conservatively estimated at not less than $600,000 a year.

On the other hand, efforts are being seriously made to do away with this waste. One of these channels is the Requisitions Review Board, which has been established during the past few years since George H. Carter has been Public Printer. This board is seeking to prevent waste and extravagance in printing and binding.

The Mayor and the Marine Get Together

The quarrel between Mayor Kendrick, of Philadelphia, and his Director of Public Safety, General Smedley D. Butler, has ended in reconciliation.

As a special correspondent pointed out in The Outlook last week, the intense personal friction was aggravated largely by interests that wished to get rid of General Butler in any possible manner. General Butler's illness, through overwork, provided, however, a breathing-space for deliberate thought, and friends of both men took advantage of the interval to break down the wall of suspicion and ill will that had been constructed between them. The General's return to his office has pleased the city greatly, but has brought consternation to some in the lower orders of politicians.

The controversy has of course had its

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Even from the East to the West!

(Othello, Act IV, Scene 2)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

"Here goes!"

Cargill in the Anderson (Ind.) Herald

Not her grandma!

From Mrs. C. D. Stitt, Anderson, Indiana

Rodger in the San Francisco Bulletin

The Progressive

From John C. Christie, San Francisco, California

Westerman in the Ohio State Journal (Columbus, Ohio)

Dee-lighted

From Lozier L. Cherrington, McArthur, Ohio

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ill effects upon the police; but if the reconciliation is permanent, those ill effects ought not to last. "The police have done well," said a well-informed citizen of Philadelphia to our correspondent, "but after all they are human. As long as it looked as if the General were to be dismissed, and the political gang come back into power, it was but natural that many men would not enthusiastically attack interests likely to execute an effective revenge in the near future. But if the men of the force once realize that the General is here to stay for quite a while, they will go forth and raise the very mischief with many crooked matters that have been left more or less undisturbed."

With Winter Comes Famine

ONLY a few months ago the Soviet press discussed projects aimed at increasing the exportation of grain from Russia and at conquering European markets. But soon afterwards there appeared in the Moscow dailies telegrams on the failure of crops in various parts of the country, while a month or two later, towards the end of July, it was stated that at least six to seven million people would be menaced with starvation in the course of the winter to come.

"Economicheskaya Zhizn," the official economic organ of the Soviets, defines as follows the scope of the approaching crisis: "In 1921, when a disastrous famine ravaged Russia's southeastern provinces, the whole country produced only one-half of the grain she used to produce before the war. This year her production has been equal to two-thirds of the pre-war figure. Hence the number of famine sufferers will be insignificant as compared with 1921, when up to thirty millions were affected by the unprecedented calamity. The Soviet Government will be able to save the famine sufferers from starvation by its own efforts and out of its own resources."

This is, however, the official version, which can hardly be reconciled with what one reads between the lines of reports printed in the "Izviestia" and "Pravda." For instance, the mere enumeration of regions that have suffered from the drought makes it clear that the famine-stricken area will be wider this year than it was in 1921. It is not only Volga provinces and the Ukraine that are now menaced with starvation; to these enormous regions must be added also important parts of Central Russia which did not suffer three years ago and will now experience the famine for the first time.

Whatever be the precise proportions of the disaster, it is clear that any Government confronted with it should take a series of measures directed to counteract its eventual consequences. It is evident that the exportation of grain from the country should be prohibited, and that all philanthropic organizations should be urged to combine their efforts in combating the calamity. Such would be undoubtedly the attitude of any other government; but the Soviet Government has its own way of looking at things.

The Soviet Committee of Relief has declared that no Russian or foreign organization shall be admitted to the famine-stricken areas. Domestic Communist organizations alone are urged to help the Government in its relief work. It is not difficult to understand the cause of this unexpected declaration. The Soviet Government is still aspiring to foreign loans, and the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian Treaty seems to have lent weight to these aspirations. But in order to give a loan the lender must believe in the economic reliability of the prospective debtor. In this case, a new famine is not a fact that the Soviet Government might quote to its credit. Speaking of it, Mr. Kameneff expressed frankly the fear that "the recognition of Russia [by England] may not be followed by a loan."

Moreover, the Soviet Government needs money for propaganda abroad, especially in the Balkans. Not long ago Mr. Kameneff stated that the Communist Party needed two hundred million gold rubles for extraordinary expenditures to be made outside of Russia. It is not credits for the Soviet diplomatic missions that he meant, for the latter are covered by the ordinary state budget. One is led to believe that it is credits for the Third International that he had in mind. But in order to meet such expenditures the Soviets have to export grain.

The famine of 1921 cost Russia, according to the Soviet statistics, five million lives. Its cost would have been undoubtedly still higher had it not been for the efforts of the American Relief Administration and of various European aid societies. We do not know exactly what proportions the famine may assume in the coming winter. But we do know that the continuing exportation of grain and the absence of foreign aid may easily make the struggle against the disaster still more difficult than in 1921.

Dr. Benes Describes His Plan

IN response to our cabled request, our editorial correspondent in Europe, Dr. Elbert Francis Baldwin, has sent us by radiogram an account of the significance and effect of the adoption of the protocol by the League of Nations for the purpose of compelling arbitration in the case of any threat of hostilities and outlawing aggressive war.

Foremost in carrying this plan through the League was the Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister, Dr. Edouard Benes. In an interview with Dr. Baldwin concerning this Dr. Benes said: "No armament reduction is possible without arbitration or security. The world's peace depends upon the situation of small nations. They are not safe until the Great Powers assure compulsory arbitration and sanctions. The Commission tried to create such an arbitral system that no international dispute, legal or political, could lie outside its compass. To insure this completeness we so closely defined the term 'aggression' that when an emergency arises the Council need not hesitate a moment in its decision. The arbitral system endeavors to prevent the possibility of conflict arising. If it arises, first economic and financial, then military, naval, and air sanctions will be applied. Armaments will be reduced because of increased general security due to reduced danger of war."

This view so clearly and compactly stated by Dr. Benes is, of course, that on which the League of Nations itself rests. It is, that if the threat of force is sufficient and can always be directed against a possible enemy at any time, hostilities can be prevented. This is simply and precisely the old and well-established doctrine of the balance of power. It is perfectly sound. The question concerning it arises always in connection with the means employed and the interests involved in mustering and directing the force. That is precisely the question that has arisen in this case. Australia, for example, does not relish the idea of being regarded as aggressor because she takes measures to exclude Japanese from her territory. The French, on the other hand, welcome the plan. They are conscious of the danger from Germany.

Dr. Baldwin informs us that the most notable event at Geneva was the change in French opinion. After having disparaged the League of Nations, the French now discern in it a guaranty—though not absolute—against war, be-

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cause they see that there will be no arbitration without some automatic sanction—that is, threats of the use of force.

On the other hand, the British find themselves in an embarrassing position, for the Dominions dislike to participate in European disputes, and the English are not disposed to act without the Dominions.

How America May Be Involved

As we pointed out last week, the change proposed by the Japanese, though adopted by the League, adds a complication. Japan was unwilling to have herself declared aggressor if she took action on a matter which the Permanent Court of International Justice decided to be within the domestic jurisdiction of another nation. Immigration was, of course, the most obvious case in point. It was therefore decided that such a case could be appealed to the League's Council. This not only may make it possible for a nation defending its domestic rights to be declared an aggressor, but introduces political considerations into a legal question. Dr. Baldwin, on the whole, regards the plan hopefully, but he voices the following criticism: "What is the use of the Permanent Court of International Justice if litigants can appeal from the legal to the political body? The protocol thus amended may bring more instead of less confusion, countenance illegitimate war, and threaten the League's existence."

Let us imagine the United States declared an "aggressor," for an aggressor nation may be any one against which the decision of the League runs, whether it is a member of the League or not. When once the mechanism is set in motion, every nation that is a member of the League would be obliged loyally and effectively to join in the action to the degree allowed by its geographic and military position. The economic sanction, affecting trade and commerce, would not only mete out punishment to the aggressor, which in this instance would be the United States, but also would lend assistance to the nation that brought the complaint as the victim. The United States as "aggressor" in this case would have to pay the expenses occasioned by the alleged aggression, though its territory and sovereignty would remain undiminished.

There will be much debate over such a plan as this before it is finally adopted, for it is not effective unless the Conference called for next June accepts it. In the meantime Dr. Baldwin informs us that the plan will probably be modified, or, as he puts it, "ameliorated."

Dr. Fosdick's Resignation

Even those who disagree with some of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's religious views may well admire his courage, honesty, and frankness. He has certainly shown these qualities of character in his resignation as associate minister of the First Presbyterian Church of New York City. He has resigned not in order to avoid an issue but to retain his moral freedom.

For five years he has remained a Baptist while serving as the associate minister of a Presbyterian church. While his theology was under attack he stood his ground. The church supported his right to hold his views and to preach them from its pulpit. When the case came before the General Assembly, which is the National Presbyterian body, it was decided that his position was anomalous, and that he should either resign as associate minister or else become a Presbyterian minister, subject to the discipline of the Church. To do that Dr. Fosdick would be called upon to subscribe to the Westminster Confession. Convinced "that creedal subscription to ancient confessions of faith is a practice dangerous to the welfare of the Church and to the integrity of the individual conscience," he has chosen the only alternative offered—resignation from his post. He believes in particular that, since he has been called upon "either to make a theological subscription or else leave an influential pulpit," his acceptance of the creed could be "truly interpreted as moral surrender."

He had good reason for believing the relationship he had with the church to be regular. He regarded it as "an object-lesson in the new freedom with which Christians could disregard denominational lines and work together." The decision of the General Assembly, however, altered his position at once. It was, as Dr. Fosdick pointedly described it, an assertion of the "principle of a denominationally 'closed shop.'" As a believer in an inclusive, not exclusive, church, he felt bound not to consent to the decision.

In resigning he declares himself "an evangelical Christian," holding "the opinions which hundreds of Presbyterian ministers hold." He rightly refrains from disparaging any who, while holding such opinions, subscribe to ancient creeds and justify themselves by interpreting the language of the creed to accord with changing views. All that he does is to make clear that he himself belongs among those who distrust successive reinterpretations of old forms of words, who refuse to require creedal subscription of others, and who do not submit to it themselves.

Dr. Fosdick's course has been honorable, wise, and characteristic of the leader. He has at no time sought martyrdom. He has not even interpreted as martyrdom the unwelcome decision which he has been forced to make. He has left the responsibility for the decision with the Church authorities, where it belongs. And he has used the situation as an occasion for making clear certain principles of conduct. The outcome is creditable alike to him and to the congregation he has served.

Baseball and the Crooks

Sports writers say that before the deplorable White Sox bribery scandal "broke," and before Judge Landis was made last court of appeal and supreme arbitrator in major league baseball, there were reports of other equally disreputable but not so easily provable dirty work. Under the old National Commission régime the ignoring or suppressing of such reports led to the demand for a non-partisan, unhampered man at the head of organized baseball.

On the eve of the present World Series an attempt at bribery, flagrant and seemingly foolish also, was exposed. The player to whom $500 was offered if he would try to make his club lose a game instantly refused, reported the facts to his captain, and he to Judge Landis. O'Connell, accused as would-be briber, is a player on the Giants (New York) team; he admitted his guilt, and involved in the offense a minor official of the club, one Dolan, and both were suspended by Judge Landis pending further investigation. O'Connell asserted that other players of the Giants were involved. Judge Landis found no evidence of this, and said so positively. If O'Connell lied to involve others in his guilt, that would make him despicable as well as guilty.

Meanwhile the World Series went on, and nearly 40,000 people—among them the President of the United States—witnessed the victory of the Giants over the Senators in the first game at Washington

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(C) Underwood

The World Series—Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the "Czar" of baseball, conferring with Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington Baseball Club, before the first game at Washington

on October 4, by the score of 4 to 3, in a twelve-innings contest remarkable for its closeness and exciting incidents up to the minute the last man was out. On the next day the Senators won by 4 to 3 in an equally exciting game decided only in the last half of the ninth inning. On Monday in New York the Giants won the third game, badly played on both sides, by the score of 6 to 4. There was a record crowd but little enthusiasm.

Business vs. Sport

Too much money means too little sportsmanship in baseball. Last year's World Series yielded $1,063,815. The individual players of the winning Yankees got $6,143, each of the losing Giants $4,112. Compare this with the first World Series, the total takings of which were about $50,000. And the World Series is only the brief wind-up of the season, following the long pennant contests in the two leagues, in which millions of dollars are paid in at the gates. With such big sums in sight baseball is ceasing to be a National pastime, has become big business, and is in danger from gambling outside and corruption inside. One expert writer (Joe Vilas) says that big prices for World Series admission games are ruining baseball and quotes also a sportsman who said twelve years ago: "If the money end of the game isn't curtailed, crookedness is sure to crop out. Gamblers will take a hand in fixing games and greedy players will forget that baseball must be honest."

There is a real mystery about the alleged bribe-fixing now charged. The game was between the Giants and the Philadelphias (National). Winning it cinched the Giants as World Series contenders for their league. But even if they lost it, they had two more chances against the inferior Philadelphias. It is not strange that most people refuse to believe that Dolan and O'Connell could or would put up the money under such circumstances. A far more plausible theory, although there is no actual evidence as yet, is that big-money gamblers with large bets on the Giants winning their pennant or the World Series or both—bets made when the Giants stood even better as to the probable outcome than they did near the finish—were willing to spend money freely to stop even a remote prospect of defeat. A third theory is that Judge Landis is mistaken and that this crookedness parallels that in the White Sox.

The public is vigorously demanding that the charges be followed up and the full blame be put where it belongs. This Judge Landis proposes to do, and he is entitled to confidence and respect while he is searching for the truth. A few dishonest men may do terrible injury to any sport. Their exposure, whether bribers or bribees, players or gamblers, is due and is hoped for by all honest players and all lovers of baseball.

The Little Grandmother and Her Work

About three months ago we told of the work of education carried on in what was once Russian Carpathia but is now a remote part of Czechoslovakia through the efforts of Catherine Breshkovsky. This work has been aided by Outlook readers, who have long known of Madame Breshkovsky's devotion to the cause of freedom and education and her love of children. The treasurer of the fund, Mr. Louis Stoiber (723 DeGraw Avenue, Newark, New Jersey) writes us acknowledging the receipt of $174.50, which has been forwarded to Madame Breshkovsky. In a letter thanking Mr. Stoiber, the contributors, and especially Outlook friends, Madame Breshkovsky says: "Thanks to you, we shall have an excellent machine (typewriter), good books, and perhaps a stereoscope; all will be of great use to children without museums, pictures, libraries, and travel. . . . The Outlook is kind to have made a place for your request and the little picture. Thank you—friend of children and the poor." We hope that others will follow the example of those of our readers who have aided the unselfish labor for truth and childhood of this veteran Russian patriot.

Congress, the Courts, and the People

Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, has been defending La Follette in the name of Roosevelt. He has declared that La Follette's proposal to permit Congress to override any Constitutional decision of the Supreme Court is less sweeping than the proposal made by Theodore Roosevelt in 1912. Mr. Gompers is circumspect in his language. He does not say that Mr. La Follette's proposal is the same as Mr. Roosevelt's, or that it is similar to it, or even that it can

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be defended on the same ground; but merely that it is "less sweeping." What Mr. Gompers means by that we do not know; but we are sure that the inevitable effect of his words will be an impression in the minds of those who trust Mr. Gompers that those who regarded Mr. Roosevelt's proposal as reasonable and in accord with the spirit and principles of American institutions will find Mr. La Follette's proposal more reasonable, and therefore not at all dangerous to the foundations of the Republic.

Such an impression, whether designed by Mr. Gompers or not, is wholly erroneous.

This can be seen by a comparison between the two proposals. We shall let Mr. Gompers state in his own words what it is that Mr. La Follette proposes, or rather what is "demanded' in Mr. La Follette's name. "It is demanded," says Mr. Gompers, "that *Congress* shall have the power to re-enact any law declared invalid by the Supreme Court, and that upon re-enactment the law shall stand." This we think is a fair statement of the La Follette proposal. Compare with that the following quotation from the Progressive platform of 1912 as Mr. Gompers himself quotes it: "*Popular* Review of Judicial Decisions—The Progressive Party demands such restriction of the power of the courts as shall leave to *the people* the ultimate authority to determine fundamental questions of social welfare and public policy."

What Mr. La Follette proposes is to take a function from the courts and transfer it to Congress.

What Mr. Roosevelt proposed was to enable the people, from whom the courts derived their function, to instruct the courts how they should exercise it.

The words which we have italicized in the quotations above should make the contrast plain.

If, as Mr. Gompers and Mr. La Follette hold, the courts may be and sometimes have been despotic, they are offering a poor remedy in substituting for the despotism of the courts the despotism of Congress. Mr. Roosevelt never proposed such a remedy—one clearly worse than the disease. He insisted that the people, who are sovereign, should be masters of both Congress and the courts. In The Outlook for August 17, 1912, he reiterated what he had said before the Progressive Convention on August 6, as follows:

> The people themselves must be the ultimate makers of their own Constitution, and where their agents differ in their interpretations of the Constitution the people themselves should be given the chance, after full and deliberate judgment, authoritatively to settle what interpretation it is that their representatives shall thereafter adopt as binding.

Mr. La Follette would make Congress supreme. Mr. Roosevelt would have kept the people supreme.

Mr. La Follette's proposal would make Congress the judge in its own case. Mr. Roosevelt would have kept the power of judgment with the people, where it now rests.

Mr. La Follette would enable Congress to disregard any Constitutional restrictions with impunity. Mr. Roosevelt would have made it impossible for either Congress or the courts to disregard any Constitutional restrictions which the sovereign people would impose.

One of the perils in democracy is that clever politicians, or emotional pleaders, or academic theorists, or a coalition of all such, may, either by false pretense or by self-deception, attempt to induce the people to part with the power which they have with the hope of getting some new privilege. This has happened more than once in other countries. It happened in France a century and a quarter ago. It has happened in Russia in our own time.

Those who are supporting Mr. La Follette may think that they are curbing the despotism of the courts. What they are actually doing is proposing to make Congress despotic. They are not granting new safeguards, liberties, or rights to the people; they are endeavoring to take from the people the great safeguard, the great right, the great liberty they now enjoy.

The Rise and Fall of the Ku Klux Klan

THE Ku Klux Klan has not yet run its course. It will still have its local victories. Perhaps it may even play an important part in both State and National elections this fall. Its present purposes are clearly defined in Stanley Frost's special correspondence from its National Klonvocation, which appears in this issue. Readers of The Outlook who have followed in its pages the story of the growth and development of this remarkable order will wish to read Mr. Frost's correspondence to discover where the Klan stands to-day.

The Klan, we repeat, has not yet run its course. but one does not have to be the seventh son of a seventh son to find definite proof that the period of disintegration has set in and that its power both for evil and for good is slipping from its grasp. Such a disintegration was inevitable from the very nature and aim of the organization. It has come, however, sooner and faster than the auspices foretold. The result of the Maine election and the body blow which the Klan received in Texas were external evidence of this loss of power. The break-up of so highly organized and effective a State unit as the Klan of Indiana provides internal evidence of the fact that the Klan has passed the peak of its power.

The Klan was, we believe, the outgrowth of a legitimate desire on the part of thousands of Americans to maintain American traditions and uphold the American spirit. Its growth was, of course, not a simple phenomenon. It drank of selfishness, graft, love of power, and ignorance as well as from the springs of our American civilization. When it dies, it will die not so much because of the excrescences upon its growth, as because its leaders failed to understand the true meaning of Americanism.

They failed, for one thing, to comprehend the fact that our Government is inevitably based upon the separation of Church and State. In their effort to destroy the influence of one Church they tried to turn the Government into a theocracy controlled by a factional element within another. They failed to understand that the preservation of the rights of the minority is as much a part of our governmental philosophy as the rule of the majority. They failed to understand that their warfare upon group interests created another group interest almost as dangerous as the interest which they sought to destroy. There are men in the Klan who have set their eyes upon a high goal, but their feet have chosen the wrong road.

When the Klan dies, as it will die, with its mission unperformed, the need which its best leaders set out to fill will still remain unsatisfied. Leaders must be found with a National outlook—men and women who will comprehend the American tradition and the American spirit, who will be able to define that tradition and spirit in terms comprehensible to the great mass of American people, and who can inspire those masses to a renewed faith in the power of the individual, the elasticity of our social order, and true liberty of thought and opinion.

If the Klan by its growth and its

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death, by the manner of its living and of its perishing, can awaken the Nation to the need of such leadership, it will have served the Nation, even though not in the way its leaders planned and desired.

Green Plush Hats

WHEN certain styles come into vogue—green plush hats, for example—some men hurry to conform. Others take a single look at the things, and resolutely abstain. They know instantly that they will never, under any circumstances, wear green plush hats, and this feeling is strengthened when they see who are wearing them, and how prevalent they are. When it became a matter of comment in the newspapers that the Prince of Wales was addicted in the daytime to blue shirts with soft blue collars attached, there were young men who instantly began to wear this style and color of shirt. There was another type of man who forthwith put such a shirt, if he already owned one, away from him, and resolved to let it rest in idleness until the fad had died away. Of course the truly noble man, of strong character, if he owned a blue shirt with blue collar, wore it neither more nor less than before. His conscience was clear and his soul serene. He knew that he was not a mere copy-cat, and if folk looked toward him and smiled, if folk even murmured unkind words like "Snob!" and "Anglomaniac!" as he passed, he minded them not at all.

These examples are not precisely similar, and they represent differences in conduct. For, as every one knows (although the reasons are too subtle and complicated to be discussed here), the green plush hat is an evil thing, but the blue shirt is a beautiful and virtuous one. The first is what lawyers would call the *malum in se;* the other, while the Prince makes it conspicuous, is merely the *malum prohibitum.*

There are, as in clothes, styles and fads in the use of words and phrases. There are bold innovators, original spirits who set the fashion. There are servile imitators and a great herd of copy-cats. And there are the dignified middle class, not great enough in station to start an etymological fad, nor poor enough in invention to echo what the great have said, but possessed of sufficient self-respect to walk warily between. They see the truth of Ward McAllister's remark: that a gentleman can afford to walk, but he cannot afford to keep a shabby carriage. And so, when a President makes popular the word "strenuous" or another President brings the phrase "May I not?" into celebrity, these gentle souls lay this word and this phrase away in the closet, along with the Prince's blue shirt, to await a more opportune occasion.

But others—ah, no! They flaunt a vile phrase like "along these lines," or they misuse the word "like"—"you eat like you were hungry"—and they do it with all the brazen assurance of the man in the green plush hat. That piece of vulgarity which substitutes "like" for "as if" has been so pushed and insisted upon by makers of comic strips, caption writers for the movies, writers of advertisements, sporting editors, and other red-blooded rhetoricians that the correct usage will presently be denounced as highbrow. And they are sinning against the light, for they know better.

The highbrows themselves, however, are not the least of the offenders. They and their imitators have filled the pages of books, journals, and magazines with green plush hats. One of the most sophisticated of the weeklies it was which brought "gesture" into derision by using it on almost every page: "The message is certainly a gesture toward peace." And literary or semi-literary folk were responsible for the use of "intrigue" as a verb and of "urge" as a noun. They overworked "hectic," and for years plumed themselves with the phrase, "Not so much immoral as unmoral."

The psychologists have a long bill to settle. "Psychological moment" was almost invariably misused, while "obsession," "complex," and "inhibition" are old sinners, grievously in need of retirement. Just now a deep curse rests upon "reaction;" it is becoming as wearisome as "proposition" ten years ago. Two flappers whom we overheard in the train yesterday used "reaction" nine times in four minutes. And, although this does not fall in the psychological class, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children ought long ago to have procured legislation against "kiddies."

What Mr. Simeon Strunsky has called "the jargon of uplift" is rampant, offensive, perhaps more persistent, and hence staler, than all the rest. "Co-operation" and all its variants is the darling of all who talk and write this lingo. It is a fine, mouth-filling word, and they make the most of it. "Help" would do, as a simpler substitute, in nine cases out of ten, but it doesn't resound and roll and echo so well; it's not so eloquent. In certain educational and in some political circles "co-operation" is used with less temperance than opium among the coolies, and its total abolition would have the happy effect of rendering some writers and speakers almost dumb. "Ideals" and "idealism" emerged from the recent war in almost as bad repute as "hero" from the Spanish War. These two noble words, together with "vision" (as in the phrase "a man of vision"), have become almost a badge of the self-righteous: my plans, my proposals, are the result of "ideals;" the men I follow and vote for are "idealists," they possess "vision." The inference is plain: you, who oppose my plans, my political programme, who refuse to accept my leaders, you are without "ideals" and indifferent to "vision"—in fact, you are children of darkness.

St. John the Divine

ONE of the great cathedrals of the world will some day rise on the soil of New York. Like other great cathedrals, it will not so much be built as grow. It is already beginning to take form; but no one yet knows exactly how it will appear when it assumes its final form. One thing is virtually certain—even the form which it has already assumed will be changed.

How radically it will be changed is suggested by the two pictures which are printed elsewhere in this issue.

It is quite in accord with what has happened before that alterations should be made in the design of this Cathedral during the process of construction. Indeed, it was a normal thing for a great cathedral of the Middle Ages to grow through a succession of changes into its final form. The most beautiful cathedrals of Europe are those which have grown in this way. It is because they have grown that they seem to be alive.

Throughout hundreds of years churches were built, not merely as convenient and useful houses of worship, but as monuments and witnesses to faith. Designed to outlast innumerable generations of men, they stand to-day testifying to the minds and souls of those who built them. The greatest era of cathedral building was made possible by the

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junction of two great forces. One was the artistic force set free by the development of the principles of Gothic architecture. The other was the spiritual force in the religion of the times.

What we know as Gothic architecture is based upon a very simple principle. Every arch built out of separate stones or bricks has a thrust to each side. The pillars or walls on which it rests tend to fall outward. The pressure of the arch must be resisted in some way. The old Egyptians and Greeks had no such trouble with their walls and pillars, because they made them bear only lintels which had pressure straight downward; but the Romans when they built arches had to see that their walls or pillars were made strong enough or otherwise designed to resist outward pressure. They did this by building cross walls or by making the supporting walls so thick that they would stand by mere inertia. Romanesque architecture began when architects, instead of thickening the whole wall, provided resistance to the thrust of arches by building buttresses. What is known as Gothic architecture made its appearance when architects met the thrust of an arch by the thrust of an arch in the opposite direction or transmitted it by a "flying arch" to an adequate buttress on the exterior. With this discovery of balancing one thrust against another, for discovery it was, there began the development of structures which depended for their stability almost wholly upon a system of balanced or transmitted thrusts. How this led architects to make their arches pointed rather than rounded is too long a story to rehearse here; but the result was that the pointed arch became the characteristic of Gothic architecture, so that many persons seem to imagine that any building with pointed arches is in principle a Gothic building. Professor Charles Herbert Moore, of Harvard, in his book "Development and Character of Gothic Architecture," however, says: "It is only by the investigation of its essential principles that any art can be understood. In architecture the principles of construction are fundamental. . . . Gothic architecture differs from arched Roman and Romanesque far more fundamentally than by the use of pointed arches in the place of round arches, or by the substitution of one type of ornament for another." He then describes briefly the system of balanced thrusts resulting in a framework of arches, piers, and buttresses made as light as is compatible with strength; and continues: "Gothic architecture is such a system carried out in a finely artistic spirit. It is, indeed, much more than this, but it is this primarily and always." This is so fundamental that Professor Moore says that any building, whatever its ornament may be, is Gothic which has this system of balanced thrusts, and is not Gothic in which such a system is wanting.

It is in this structural principle that is found the reason for the beauty of the great Gothic cathedrals of France. They are not inert masses. They are full of life. In their very structure one can see the operation of thrust and counter-thrust. It is an architecture of energy. So finely and beautifully balanced are these forces that those great buildings, unsupported by massive walls, have endured for centuries. And because of this principle the lines of Gothic churches lead the eye from the ground upward. Because of this principle there are spaces for windows, which are themselves things of beauty, and lend additional beauty to the building by allowing for effects of light and shade impossible in other architectural styles.

It is not only, however, to the artistic spirit of the times that these Gothic buildings are a testimonial, but to the religious spirit of the people. Many of them were built by the people themselves; rich and poor, men, women, and children gave their labor. Abbot Haimon, of Saint-Pierre-sur-Dives, in Normandy, wrote a letter in 1145 A.D. to the monks of Tutbury Abbey in England. It is quoted in Henry Adams's "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres." He is describing the building of Chartres Cathedral.

> Who has ever seen! Who has ever heard tell, in times past, that powerful princes of the world, that men brought up in honor and wealth, that nobles, men and women, have bent their proud and haughty necks to the harness of carts, and that like beasts of burden, they have dragged to the abode of Christ these waggons, loaded with wines, grains, oil, stone, wood, and all that is necessary for the wants of life, or for the construction of the church? But while they dragged these burdens, there is one thing admirable to observe; it is that often when a thousand persons and more are attached to the chariots,—so great is the difficulty,—yet they march in such silence that not a murmur is heard, and truly if one did not see the thing with one's eyes, one might believe that among such a multitude there was hardly a person present. When they halt on the road, nothing is heard but the confession of sins, and pure and suppliant prayer to God to obtain pardon. At the voice of the priests who exhort their hearts to peace, they forget all hatred, discord is thrown far aside, debts are remitted, the unity of hearts is established.

And the abbot describes the gathering of the multitude about the unfinished Cathedral, the lighting of lamps and tapers in the dark, and the singing in chorus of hymns and canticles.

In the century between 1170 and 1270 A.D., so Henry Adams tells us, the French built eighty cathedrals and five hundred churches of the cathedral class. In 1840 it was estimated that to replace these churches it would have cost a thousand million dollars. How much it would cost to replace them now we leave our readers to estimate. What it cost the French people was not only in gold, but in toil and patience.

Is it possible for Americans of the twentieth century to leave like memorials of their faith to be seen of posterity? There are those who believe that it is. It is fortunate that the trustees of the Cathedral now under construction in New York have chosen as the architect to carry on the design a man who not only understands the essential principles of Gothic architecture, and can employ them with the freedom of one who does understand them, but also has in this day the faith that has through all changes kept the Church a living and growing body. Dr. Ralph Adams Cram has attacked his problem as few, if any, other men could do. In a pamphlet entitled "A Study of the Designs for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine" Dr. A. D. F. Hamlin, Professor of Architecture in Columbia University, New York, has described the character not only of the changes in the existing structure which Dr. Cram has planned, but the designs of the nave, transept, and west front still to be built. It is worthy of note that the change in the choir as shown in the two pictures we print, transforming that part of the interior from the Romanesque to the French Gothic style, is really in part a sort of restoration, for it involves in the interior the removal of a thin terra-cotta shell, which at present conceals "the existing structural members of a thirteenth-century Gothic apse!" It is therefore a change not only in the direction of beauty but also of honesty.

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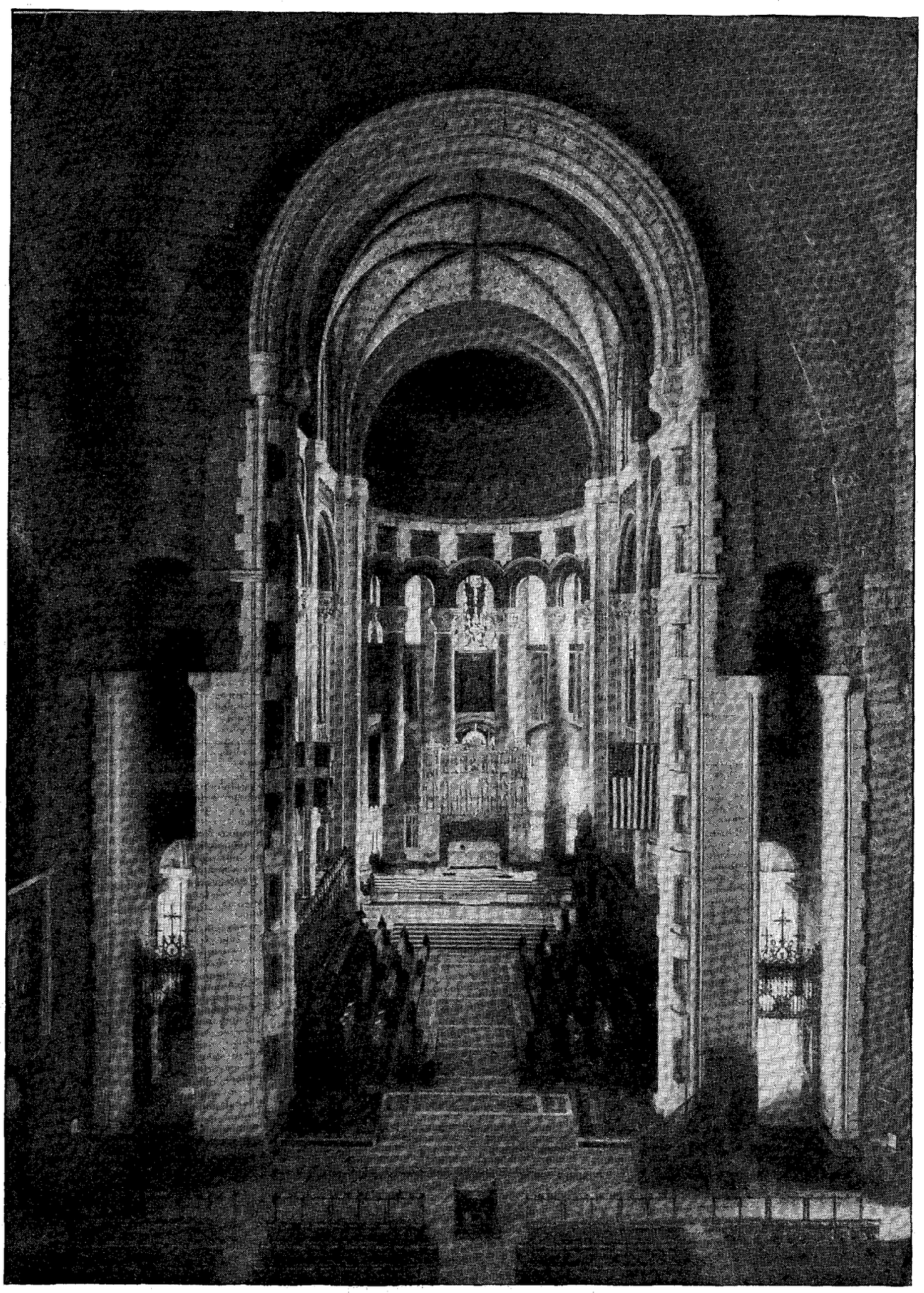
The Growth of a



The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City—the interior according to the original plan

(See preceding pages for editorial comment on the proposed changes in the Cathedral)

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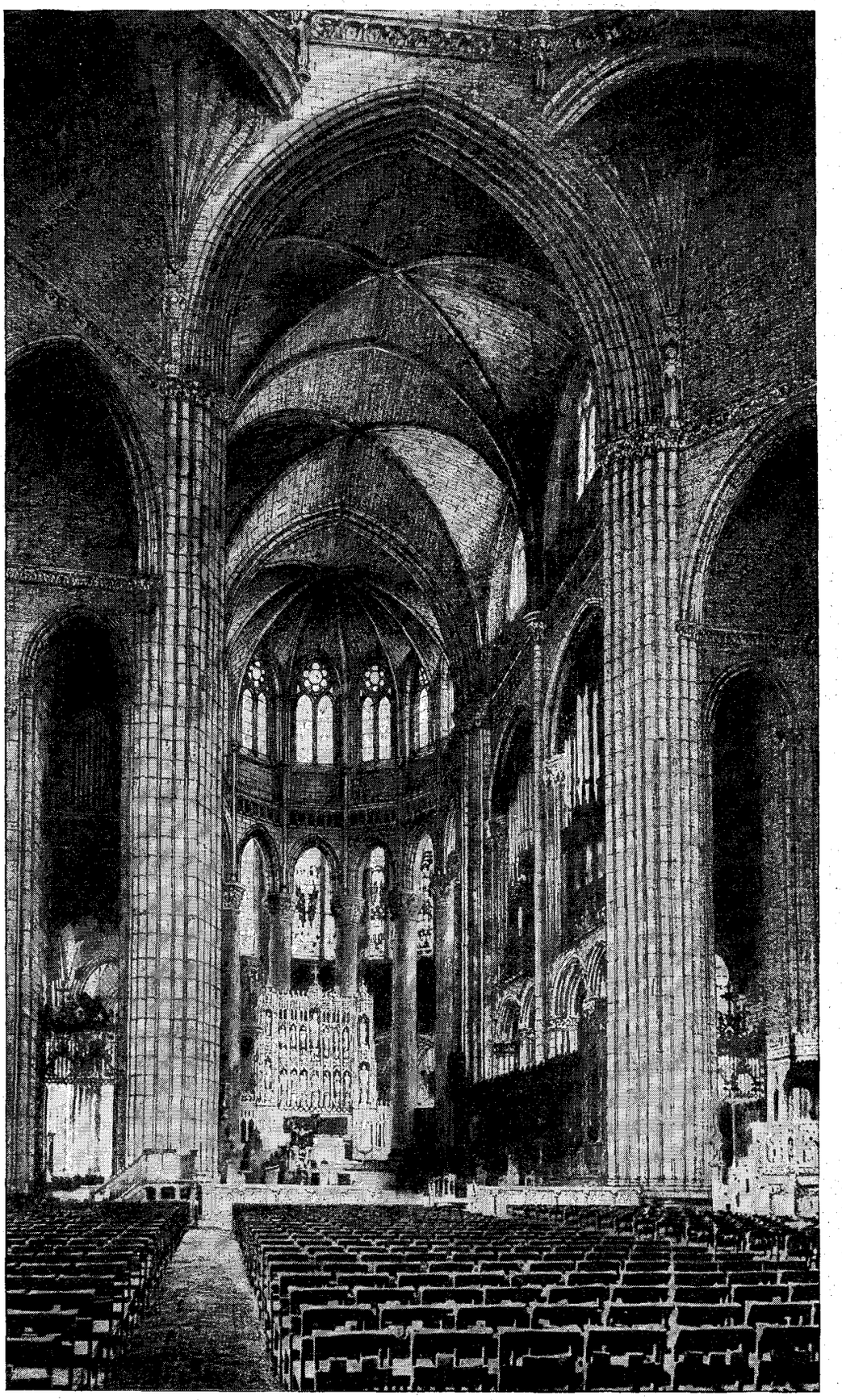
Great Cathedral



Sketch of the proposed changes in the Cathedral to make it conform to the Gothic type of architecture

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La Follette Takes the Stage

Staff Correspondence from the Political Arena

THE active and vital half of the Presidential campaign finds American politics in a situation that is without precedent—a situation in which the major issue is not between the two candidates who might conceivably win, but between both of them on the one hand, and on the other a man who has no hope of winning, but merely of making trouble. As the campaign goes on, the success of the last-named hope increases rapidly, and it is already so great that politicians agree that it will determine the results of the election. Davis and Coolidge must look for their own success to the decision of the voters as to which will be most certain to beat La Follette and his schemes.

La Follette has been accused of delighting in being a trouble-maker. If that is true, he must be a very happy man. There is no belief whatever that he may win the election—unless it be among some of his own followers, who include so many of the "lunatic fringe" that they might believe anything—but his campaign has become so important that it has taken precedence over every other issue presented, and from now on it is to be expected that he will be the storm center of the fight, will hold the stage. The result of the campaign will depend upon two things; first, on how much electoral strength he can rally, which has been a question from the first; but even more it will depend on the decision reached late in October by many million moderate voters as to what is the safe thing to do to insure his defeat. Such issues as exist between the two major parties have become of little account in the minds of the independent voters who will decide the election.

The campaign has been one of the dullest on record as between the two big parties, and there is little chance that it will change. Reports to Washington from all over the country agree that neither the issues raised nor the candidates themselves are arousing any warmth. The country does not consider any of these issues both real and vital, and it finds little to choose between in the candidates. It likes them both, but very moderately. On the whole, perhaps from habit, it inclines so far to the Republican side. The League of Nations question has refused to come to life; the Republican corruption has not been nailed on Coolidge; the Klan has proved a poor kind of ammunition for both sides. The voters hold opinions on all these matters, but do not get excited about them.

THE OUTLOOK sent a member of its staff through many of the doubtful States to record the readings upon the political barometer. This analysis by a trained political observer deserves the close attention of every voting citizen.

La Follette only has provided something lively, something that can be argued about enough to produce that pleasant mental heat which we love to have during campaigns. And, as has so often happened before, this one real issue has come to the top, in spite of the efforts of the bigger leaders to keep it quiet and the rather general attempt to ignore it. It has, in fact, become so dominant that the leaders of the two big parties have readjusted their campaign plans to take advantage of it, and that their major arguments—at least until or unless some new issue is handed them by Providence—will center around the La Follette question.

Both parties, therefore, find it to their advantage to admit that he is showing great strength; it is possible that they are even crediting him with more strength than they really believe he has. This is the first premise to the arguments both make.

The Democrats declare—and they will from now on insist upon this more and more strongly—that La Follette's vote in the Northwest and in some States not in that group will be so heavy that Coolidge cannot possibly get a majority of the Electoral College; that even if he should succeed there will be so many La Follette men in Congress that they will hold the balance of power and continue the chaos of the present Congress, and that therefore the only chance for a stable and effective Government lies in giving them—the Democrats—both the Presidency and Congress.

The Republicans insist that there is no chance for Davis to win, anyway, but that there is a chance that La Follette may prevent Coolidge from winning and throw the election into Congress. In that case, they declare, La Follette will also be able to prevent an election in the House, and the final choice will be made by the Senate. They argue that if that happens the man chosen will be Governor Bryan, naturally committed to all the policies on which his more famous brother has been beaten so often, and certain to be put under agreements with La Follette which would make the Senator virtually dictator. The only way to prevent this, they conclude, is to make sure that Coolidge wins.

It is still much too early, of course, to make any very close analysis of the real truth behind these two arguments, but there is a considerable amount of information that gives rather clear indications as to the country's state of mind at this moment. So many things may happen that prophecy is silly, but it can be told with reasonable accuracy what would happen if the election were being held this week.

In addition to the information reaching the headquarters of the big parties, which agrees pretty closely, in spite of the silly, all-embracing claims which the press agents put out, there are conclusions which may be drawn from the result of the Maine election, and from various straw votes and private polls in different parts of the country. Taken by themselves, these last have no great value, but as confirming other indications and information, and also because they agree very closely, they are worth noting.

The most complete so far, and in some ways the most interesting, is a canvass made through the Middle West by a National corporation which has good reasons for desiring advance information as to the result. It was intended chiefly to determine just how much La Follette would cut into the normal Republican vote in these States, and is therefore rather overweighted with the farmer and small-town vote. This poll indicates that through this region La Follette has practically no strength outside the cities, except in the States already practically conceded to him, and that his strength there is not so great as had been expected.

In Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois, for example, there is hardly a third-party vote outside the big cities, and what votes there are come from members of labor unions. Most of these have been normally Democratic. The total non-city vote in these States was more than two for Coolidge to one for both his opponents, and indicates a heavier Republican vote even than was cast in 1920. But this is, of course, incomplete. Polls in the cities show that La Follette is cutting into both Republican and Demo-

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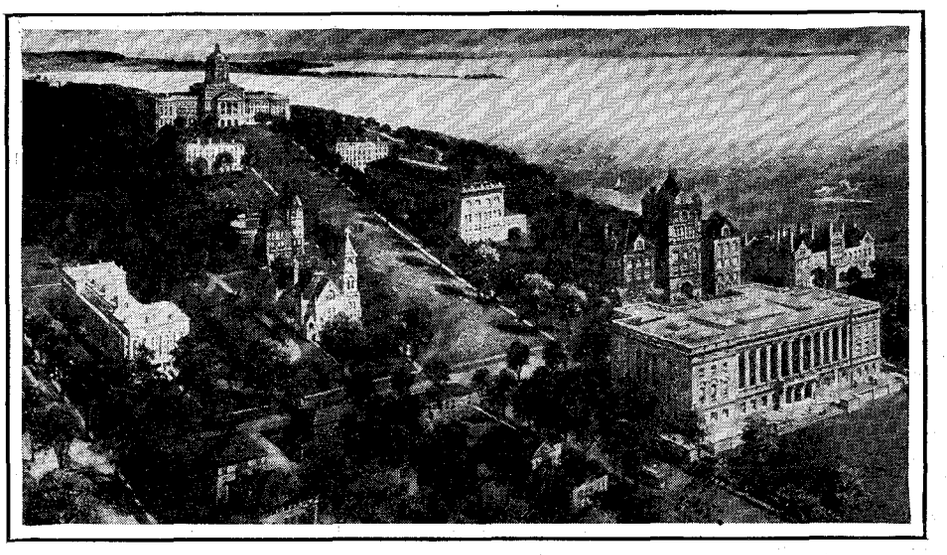
cratic strength. There seems a chance that if the vote were taken this week he might carry Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Chicago, along with many of the smaller industrial cities like Akron and Gary. He will be strong in Detroit. In most of these cities Davis and Coolidge will run neck and neck. The net result of these indications is that in an election *this week* Coolidge would have a plurality of the vote, but not a majority, in all these States.

Across the Mississippi conditions vary slightly. La Follette gets small farmer support in Kansas, nor the southern half of Iowa. The northern half, and from there up through the Dakotas and Minnesota, will give him a heavy vote, however. The indications are that Brookhart will carry Iowa easily, but that Coolidge is in serious danger. The Northern wheat States are, apparently, not quite so strong for La Follette as had been expected, but these indications are too faint to be trusted. At any rate, he is apparently sure to carry them. He will have a big vote in Nebraska, but this comes mostly from the Germans, who are usually Democratic in that State, and so the chances favor a Coolidge plurality of around 20,000.

There are no strong indications that any of the border States will go Republican, though that is possible in Kentucky and Tennessee. Missouri seems safe for Davis if the Germans (Republican there) turn to La Follette as most Germans will. There is a very fair chance that Oklahoma will go to Coolidge. And there is about an equal chance that California will go to La Follette, with Coolidge second. It should be mentioned that some acute observers are predicting that La Follette will even carry New York City, on the combined strength of the Jewish, German, and labor vote.

Taken together, all these indications mean that over the country at large there is very little falling off from the Harding vote of 1920 on the Republican side, except in the Northwest and California; that in the rest of the country La Follette has so far hurt Davis far more than he has Coolidge, making it unlikely that he will carry any important Northern or Eastern State. In short, that if the election were held this week Davis would get practically only the South and the border States, La Follette would get the Northwest and California, but that Coolidge would still be elected by a dozen votes. He would lose, however, if he lost any of the Eastern or Lake States, or two or three in the Middle West and the Rockies.

This is the situation as it stands with the election six weeks away, and this shows what must be done by each party if it hopes to win, and how the campaign will be fought out. Coolidge must hold all he has now, and win something like a dozen doubtful votes, either from the border States conceded to Davis, from the six likely to go to La Follette, or from the doubtful States, which include Nebraska, Oklahoma, Montana, Colorado, New Mexico, Idaho, Arizona, and Washington. These have a total of 41 electoral votes. Granting that the States mentioned earlier all hold their present attitude, he would need to win 25 of these. The belief that he can get them is responsible for the three-to-one betting odds in his favor.



The chief seat of education in a State where La Follette is the dominant political power—the University of Wisconsin, in Madison, Wisconsin

The chance for Davis to win is very poor, according to this method of analysis. The South will almost surely give him the 139 votes it casts when solid. But even if he should carry West Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, Oklahoma, Indiana, Ohio, and California, he would still be 15 votes short; and there is no one I can find in either party who believes he can carry half those States. If he got New York, he could lose some and still win, but the most optimistic Democrats I can find do not expect him to carry New York—though most of them do expect Governor Smith in the Governorship contest to win the State.

For La Follette to succeed takes much less—he is not trying to win the election, but simply to prevent it from working. The States which now seem at all likely to go to him total 51 votes. If La Follette can win enough more votes, or help Davis to win them, so that the two together have more than 266, then he will have accomplished his object.

One of the big questions of the campaign is whether he can win any additional votes; whether he can even hold the six States now credited to him. California is an uncertain hope for him, at best. There are indications of a conservative swing in the Dakotas and Minnesota, though the Republican campaign in those States is marked by the same awkwardness that characterized the Butler forces at the Cleveland Convention. With a real campaign one or two of these States could probably be won back to the Republicans. If that should happen, Coolidge would almost certainly win, but at this time it does not seem likely, and it also seems entirely possible that without them Coolidge will be beaten. The crux of the campaign, then, will be in the Northwest.

The second big question, upon which the result depends even more vitally, is what a few million independent voters finally decide as to the best way of insuring La Follette's defeat. Their tendency just now is to accept the Republican argument; the Democrats' one hope is to get them to change this tendency. With the issues between the big parties so fragile and the interest so low, it has become clear that those men and women who do not automatically vote a party ticket, but decide in each case for whom they will cast their ballots, are mostly going to do the thing that will seem most likely to prevent the confusion and injury which an indecisive election would cause.

One such large group is the Ku Klux Klan. Some of its leaders have been trying to play politics for personal or organization reasons, but as the campaign has gone on there has been a decided swing toward Coolidge in the doubtful States. The Klan hates La Follette with a deep and thorough hatred—his war record, hyphenism, platform, associates, and supporters all make him obnoxious—and this consideration has been influencing the general policy of the organization. All through the North it has been

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more and more openly opposing him, though this has had no control of its attitude in the State campaigns. If this tendency continues, Coolidge will get some half million normally Democratic votes from Klansmen—just to beat La Follette. They ought to be enough to insure his election.

Because of this peculiar issue—how La Follette can be beaten most effectively and certainly—the final crystallization of opinion in this campaign is likely to be late. Usually, when there are definite issues, opinion begins to take sides early, and the result can be fairly accurately foretold some weeks in advance. But that is not true this year; just now there are indications of a trend toward Coolidge so great as to amount almost to a landslide, but it is still entirely possible for the Democrats, without changing a single one of their nominal issues, to win by convincing the independents that Davis will have a better chance than Coolidge to insure the defeat of the La Follette scheme. This might even happen in the last few days.

Until that crystallization takes place the election will be completely in doubt. And that, too, seems likely to depend upon whether Coolidge can show any reasonable expectation of recovering some of the six States, all normally Republican, which are now likely to go to La Follette. If he can do that, it will be taken as fairly conclusive proof that he can win, and his band wagon will fill up fast.

The Klan Restates Its Case

Special Correspondence from Kansas City

By STANLEY FROST

THE Ku Klux Klan offered itself to the country in a new dress in the Klonvocation which has just closed here. Dropping in part the veil which has surrounded it, allowing outside reporters to be present for the first time at an important meeting, and plainly aiming its discussion at the outside world far more than at the delegates present, it attempted to give reasons for the faith that is in it. It presented a fairly definite and logical—though highly controversial—basis for its existence and purposes, claimed leadership in solving the present confusion and perplexities of thought, and made an open bid for the support of all people of "American minds."

In support of this bid, it offered a platform that is vague, indeed, but about as concrete as most political platforms. This puts the Klan frankly into the political field, not as a separate party, but as a "balance of power" when possible. Although the Klan declared that there was no change from its original purposes, and that it was merely a fulfillment and clarification of purposes which had been "instinctive" from the first, there is in fact a considerable change in the basis of thought. The new statement, instead of being founded on hostility to various classes and sects, takes its stand on support of Americanism as the Klan defines it, and offers no opposition to other groups except as they oppose or impede this kind of Americanism.

All this may fairly be taken as opening a new phase in the life of the Klan, at least in intention. The change from its former secrecy is rather startling to one who has for months seen the care and success with which leaders and purposes alike have been concealed. For example, during the Democratic National Convention one big New York newspaper announced with conscious pride that it had learned that the Imperial Wizard would arrive in two days, when he had already been in New York for a week. And there is a reporter famous in the Klan because he once spent three days in a small hotel full of Klan officials gathered for an important meeting, and reported to his editor that there was no such meeting. Here was no such concealment; officials were registered under their own names, were accessible to reporters and talked fairly freely, and—wonder of wonders—there was a press bureau!

Even more important than this change is the fact that the Klan has appealed to public opinion. It shows, of course, that the Klan believes it has at last formulated a statement of its case which will convince a large section of the public that has so far been against it. But it shows more; that the Klan believes it has a solution for many of our current ills of thought and of politics, on which it is entitled to the support of such people. It seems clear that the Klan is now planning to broaden its campaign and draw into its ranks many who have so far held aloof or actually opposed it—folks who want reasons instead of prejudices to back their actions.

But the Old Hostilities Remain

THIS does not mean that any of the old hostilities and divisions which the Klan has used are dropped. Far from it. They are restated, somewhat modified, limited in scope. But under the new statement they are intensified rather than weakened. There is less personal animus; far more insistence on fundamental and irreconcilable division. The new statement, in brief, assumes that both race and religious lines are justified, that there is reason for instinctive prejudices, and attempts to give the reasons. Modern sociology and psychology and the latest discussions in ethics are called in to back up the Klan's platform of "native, white, Gentile, Protestant supremacy."

The whole tendency of the new statement of purpose is to draw more strictly than ever the line between the peoples of Nordic Protestant breed and all others, and to insist upon the right of the former class to complete control of America and its duty to keep its breed free from intermixture except with peoples of close racial kinship. The philosophy of the melting-pot is attacked root and branch.

This new statement of the Klan's purposes and justification of them was set forth by Dr. Hiram W. Evans, the Imperial Wizard, in three different speeches. Although these were given to the press, the published excerpts have so far failed to convey much of their real purpose, so that it seems worth while to review them at some length. There is always the possibility that they will be accepted by a considerable number of people, and thus become an important factor in thought and politics. To make the train of argument clear, I have taken the liberty of some rearrangement from the oratorical form in which it was presented.

His argument is, in brief, this:

That the Anglo-Saxon race, and particularly its admixture with the other northern races, which ruled this country till about thirty years ago, has made great and vital contributions to civilization. Among them he listed Protestantism, democracy, the republican form of government, freedom for thought and investigation, and religious liberty.

That this was made possible because

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of the inherent, instinctive, and peculiar qualities in the character of the race. He took pains to credit other races with valuable characters, but insisted that they are different, and that mongrelization would lose the value of both.

That this race must, for the sake of future civilization, be preserved, and that it can be preserved only in a national environment suited to it—*i. e.*, an American environment.

That this requires a truly American nationalism, adopting what it desires from other forms of civilization, but without having other forms forced upon it, and without interbreeding which would destroy the racial character. He defined nationalism as "the right and duty of each race or nation to develop for itself the qualities with which God has endowed it." He laid down as the essential of true nationhood the possession of a group-mind, which must be homogeneous not only in purpose and education but in instinct. The factors of this he declared—following the formula recently outlined by William MacDougall, Professor of Psychology at Harvard—are unity of geographical location, of race, of language, of fundamental religious thought, of tradition, and of accustomed loyalty to a government.

That American nationalism is being not only opposed but attacked by groups which would substitute cosmopolitanism, or universalism, for nationalism, basing their philosophy—falsely—on the plea of universal brotherhood, and that the intrusion of this universalism into our thought, though common sense and instinct prevents its full working out, confuses thought and purpose, and is the chief cause of present-day troubles and unrest.

That the alien groups are automatically, and by no fault of their own, opposed to Americanism, either through different race character and tradition or through belief in this false ethics. That the Roman Catholic Church is the leader in holding this universal ethics, but that Socialism, Sovietism, and other kinds of radicalism are all forms of the same philosophy.

That Americanism is not a theory, but a historical development, an expression not of an idea but of a race, a matter of character rather than education. He expressly denied that even good citizenship in the ordinary sense or actual services to America would make an American of an alien unless he left the group-mind in which he had been brought up and became a part of the American group-mind.

That these groups of all kinds must be Americanized, if possible, the schools and other agencies being strengthened for the purpose, but that they must be opposed so long as they remain hostile to the American group-mind, and that it is necessary to keep them from political power if National unity is to be achieved.

Finally, that organization is necessary to do these things, and that the Ku Klux Klan is the only organization which has faced the problems squarely, found a solution to them in a return to the control of America by men and women of American minds, and has thus become the only possible leader for the salvation of the country.

The Wizard's Doctrine

In closing the Wizard laid down the following as the purposes of the Klan:

"It is clear that the Klan must work along several different lines. Our first task is to prevent further encroachment, to regain the ground lost, and to safeguard Americanism. This is a negative task, a defensive battle—and this is chiefly what we have been doing. But no man ever won a fight by remaining on the defensive.

"We must not discriminate against any man in equal rights before the law or in full liberty within the law because of race or religion, but we must make sure that our Nation is truly American in thought and spirit.

"It will take generations to develop a spirit of true American patriotism—to cultivate a real American group-mind. We must put our faith into works and become missionaries to all the land.

"A second task is that of converting the aliens now with us into Americans.

"Third, we must bring the ideal of Americanism to the highest possible level. We must make it stand for all that is fine and good, both nationally and internationally.

"Finally, the positive programme of the Ku Klux Klan is: To honor the one flag; to promote the public school; to serve the Protestant Church; to fight for the sanctity of the home; to promote respect for law."

This is so different from the rantings usually ascribed to the Klan, and actually used by Klan speakers a year or two ago, that the question at once arises how much sincerity there is in it. I cannot answer this definitely, but there are some things worth noting. The first, of course, is that it is official Klan doctrine, and even if hypocritical will have the effect of forcing the Klan, for consistency's sake, to a higher standard.

It was evident as Evans delivered his addresses that they were over the heads of many in his audience. There were some faces which showed disapproval. Yet at the close of the main speech there was a demonstration of enthusiasm which rivaled that following the nomination of a Presidential candidate. And around the convention hall here and in the hotel lobbies there was no single expression used so much as "vision of the Klan," nor any subject so much under discussion as what its services to Americanism should be. So I believe that this new statement voiced the intentions of the Klansmen so far as they understood it.

There were many evidences here of the change which has taken place in the Klan in the last two years—even in the last year. The delegates were mostly pious, sincere, rather simple men, of no great worldly success, but certainly without paranoiac tendencies. There were fewer of the politician type than at previous gatherings, but about every fourth man was a doctor of divinity. The convention lacked the prosperous smugness of a Republican assembly, but also the restlessness and incoherence of a Democratic one or the gayety of most fraternal conclaves. It was solemn, quiet, apparently sincere. There was constant reference to the "spiritual vision" or the "religious purpose" of the Klan.

There has been improvement, too, in the caliber and seeming sincerity of the leaders. Many of the old ones have gone; those that are left appear to have changed and grown to meet the responsibilities that have come to them. They have broadened in many ways. This may be due merely to their desire to give their followers the kind of ideas that will "sell" well, but, even if this is so, the great strength of the religious motives and of instinctive—even if mistaken—patriotism in the rank and file have insured that the change would be for the better.

And three Klansmen Said

Perhaps the whole situation—as the Klan itself sees it—can be summed up in a conversation overheard between three of the high officers on the last day of the Klonvocation.

"It's been a great time," the first said. "Folks said we were slipping and that Doc Evans had lost his grip. We've proved 'em all wrong. The Klan has passed its first milestone in great shape."

"You're wrong," the second declared. "The Klan didn't even get started two years ago. We're starting now. But we're off at last in a cloud of dust. Watch us go by that first milestone two years from now."

"I'm not so sure, boys," the third said, slowly. "There's not enough of us yet that see the real vision of the Klan, and we haven't found out enough yet about what to do about it. But I do think we're getting about ready to go to the starting-post."

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Mrs. Van Hilt Receives a Caller

By GEORGE WITTEN

Gramercy Park becomes the scene of a tragedy and another Knickerbocker home changes hands

MRS. VAN HILT looked out from the windows of her quiet sitting-room across Gramercy Park. There was nothing in the view to disturb the serenity of her life. Occasionally great trucks and high-powered cars rolled past, but they seldom honked their horns and never raced their engines. There is a subtle something in the atmosphere of Gramercy that penetrates even the callous hides of New York truck-drivers. It has kept the Park sacred, inviolate.

The turmoil and rush and roar of the great city could be only faintly heard in the distance. It had grown up all around her, but, thanks to the provision of a far-seeing husband, it had never touched Mrs. Van Hilt or her sister, Miss Holden. They lived together, securely, in an unmortgaged house. The quarterly dividends on their shares in Moose Creek Mine Corporation were more than sufficient to meet the needs of their simple life. These paid for the wood they burned in the open fireplaces, the gas bills, the butcher and grocer. Also the telephone, which was the only thing modern about their establishment. Yes, the telephone was a great convenience, after one had learned how to use it; it saved going out, in bad weather, to the tradespeople.

The telephone seldom rang, and when it did it was the forerunner of an event, which meant bustle and scurry to receive a caller—perhaps one of the few remaining of their friends, who, like themselves, were getting too old to go out much.

This morning it rang loudly, almost alarmingly. My, my! What could it mean? The old ladies looked at each other. Perhaps some one is calling the wrong number.

"Yes; with whom do you wish to speak?" asked Mrs. Van Hilt, lifting the receiver to her ear.

"Hello! I want to talk with Mrs. Van Hilt. It's very important," came the rasping reply.

"I am Mrs. Van Hilt. What do you wish to say to me?"

"This is the Moose Creek Extension Corporation"—the word "extension" was slurred over. "We haven't had a reply from our letter to you about the exchange of your stock, and the time limit is up at twelve o'clock to-day."

"I don't understand you. You say this is the Moose Creek Mine Corporation? I haven't received a letter from you since the last notification of a stockholders' meeting. Will you please explain to me just what the letter was about?"

"If you haven't had a letter from us within the last thirty days, we had better send some one to see you at once. This is a very serious matter, and we want to protect you. Our representative will come right over. Good-by."

Mrs. Van Hilt turned to her sister, and repeated the conversation. What could it mean? It was most annoying that their friend and adviser, Judge Browning, was away in Europe. They knew of no one else to turn to. The man at the Moose Creek office had said something about a time limit and twelve o'clock. It was then twenty minutes past eleven. Well, the representative was coming right over. The officers of the Moose Creek Mine Corporation had always been very considerate with them. Mr. Van Hilt had been one of the prime movers in the development of Moose Creek Mine, and had won great respect from all his business associates. No doubt the present officers of the Corporation would advise them as to what was best to do.

They bustled about, tidying up the already faultlessly tidy sitting-room. Perhaps, as this was a matter of business, it would be more proper to receive their caller in the library. Yes, that would be the right thing. The darkened library was thrown open and two dusters worked assiduously for several minutes.

A taxi glided up and stopped at the curb in front of the house. Two smartly dressed young business men alighted, and, mounting the brown-stone steps, pulled the bell. There was a hurried adjustment of lace caps and frills and a smoothing down of gray hair. Then the one ancient domestic of the household announced the callers: "Mr. Brown and Mr. Williams, of the Moose Creek Corporation."

"We are so sorry to have to rush in upon you in this manner," purred Brown, "but there is no time to be lost, and the Corporation wants to look after your interests."

What charmingly well-behaved young men, so unlike most of the present generation. "Won't you be seated, gentlemen?" The old ladies waved them to chairs.

"Will you please explain about this letter, which I never received?" asked Mrs. Van Hilt.

Brown drew a map from his pocket, and spread it on the library table. "Here," he said, "is the location of the Moose Creek Mine, which, we are sorry to say, is playing out, and will have to be abandoned shortly."

The old ladies gasped. "Does that mean," asked Mrs. Van Hilt, "that there will be no more revenue from the mine?" She was trembling.

"As far as the present mine is concerned, yes."

"My goodness, what will we do?" Both ladies had risen to their feet, and were staring helplessly at the outspread map.

"Do not worry, ladies," assured Williams and Brown together. "Fortunately, we have secured the mineral rights on the properties adjacent to Moose Creek Mine, and have found that they are even richer in ore than the old mine was. So that when you have exchanged your stock in the old corporation for shares in the new your income will be greatly increased."

A sigh of relief came from the two women. "What is the new corporation?" They sat down again.

"The new corporation is called Moose Creek Extension. We are now busy sinking a shaft on the new site. Thirty days ago a meeting of the directors was held, and a motion passed to take care of the stockholders of the old Corporation. It was voted to allow them to turn in their Moose Creek Mine shares, and twenty-five per cent of their value in cash, for an equal number of shares in Moose Creek Extension. The twenty-five per cent will be devoted to the development of the new properties." The voluble Brown was talking rapidly, but with soft intonations.

"Twenty-five per cent in cash! How much does that mean that we should have to pay?" asked Mrs. Van Hilt.

"Let me see," Williams consulted a list. "You have fifty thousand dollars' worth of Moose Creek Mine stock; twenty-five per cent of that is twelve thousand five hundred dollars." He spoke as if it were a mere trifle.

"But we haven't got that much. We

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have only a few hundred dollars in the bank."

"Now that is too bad. We must see what can be done. The time is short. All this stock must be turned in by twelve o'clock to-day."

Again consternation filled the old ladies.

"Do you own this house, or do you lease it?" asked Brown.

"Oh, we own it. My husband left it to me free of encumbrance."

"Good. If I may use your telephone, I will call up the general manager, and ask him if the Corporation will accept your notes, made payable over a long period. I hope we can get him at once, for we have only nineteen minutes in which to make the exchange." He assumed an air of solicitude. His whole manner was that of a person anxious to help solve a difficulty.

"Yes, they will accept the notes," he announced, hanging up the receiver. "We must hurry. Have you your stock certificates here?"

"Yes, they are in the safe." Mrs. Van Hilt was all excited action. She went to a bookcase, nervously removed several books, and, opening the door of a small safe in the wall, pulled out a long envelope.

Brown and Williams looked at their watches; the clock in the hall struck the quarter-hour. "We must hurry," they exclaimed.

In a few minutes the exchange of stock was made, the notes signed and witnessed. Brown and Williams again looked at their watches. "We've barely time to get these to the office," said Brown. "Come, Mr. Williams, we must hurry." They took their hats and stepped to the front door.

"Oh, we hope you'll be in time!" chorused the old ladies. "Thank you so much for your kindness."

"Not at all, not at all," said Brown and Williams; "we are only too glad to be of service." They walked out, leaving the old ladies staring at a worthless stock certificate.

While Brown hurried downtown to place the stock on the market, Williams hastened to have the notes discounted. Not a bad day's work for them. They had cleaned up sixty thousand dollars between them. Then they packed their grips and pulled out for another field of operation.

Of course they had had to do a lot of preliminary work, such as finding out how much stock Mrs. Van Hilt owned, whether or not the title to her property was clear, and who her legal adviser was. These facts ascertained, they then waited and watched until they were sure that Judge Browning could not be called by telephone, and the rest was easy.

Their story about Moose Creek Mine playing out was a lie. It is still in operation, and probably will pay large dividends for years to come. The adjacent property has been well tested by expert geologists, and found to be barren of mineral value.

Mrs. Van Hilt and Miss Holden are spending the remainder of their days in an old ladies' home. They are both broken in health, and bedridden most of the time. The shock of losing all they had was too much for their sensitive natures.

Brown and Williams are still at large, and are now probably working out other schemes by which to rob uninformed people.

The Irish Renaissance

By SHAW DESMOND

Author of "The Drama of Sinn Fein," "Passion," "Gods," etc.

IRELAND since the turn of the century has suffered the strange experience of being twice reborn. The first of these two births was spiritual; the other, political.

The coming of the Irish Free State marked the rebirth political. How far the spirit rather than the letter has had its share in this birth remains to be seen. The rebirth spiritual, known as the "Irish Renaissance," is already nearly a quarter of a century old, and it may yet be that the historian will find the real story of the Irish people written in their poetry rather than in their politics.

The passion of the Irish people for politics was never more than an artificial superimposition born of their geographical propinquity to the Imperial mother-in-law and the problems of world power as of psychology arising from that propinquity. The passion of the Irish people for the creation of works of the imagination and for "playing amongst the stars," on the other hand, is of the very essence of their being. It is at once their *raison d'être* and their justification in the scheme of things entire.

"Irish 'Wit' and Irish 'Humor'"—

another article by Shaw Desmond, will be published in an early issue. The fine art of which he writes is one which Mr. Desmond knows how to practice as well as preach

Genius is force. The amount of force in man or nation is at any given period strictly limited. If nervous force be dissipated in one channel, it is not available for another. The nervous force of the Irish race has, perhaps unavoidably, for seven centuries been poured out through the channel of politics. It is that, and that alone, which has prevented a race of some of the greatest potential artists of Europe from realizing the Gaelic culture of the sixth century, which gained for Ireland the world title of *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum,* when Ireland was "a rushlight in the howling wilderness that was Europe." And, let it not be forgotten, it was that which until the "Irish Renaissance" of our day kept the artistic level of Ireland one of the lowest in Europe, especially when it is remembered that the island, shut off from the thought streams of the Continent, has been almost as boastfully indifferent to European culture as to her own.

William Butler Yeats with others was the father of the Renaissance, which from the outset was chiefly associated with poetry and the drama. The mecca of the miraculous birth to which the pilgrims of the renaissance began to stream was the Abbey Theatre, founded in 1904, itself the product of the National Repertory Theatre Society, which discovered those actors of the first rank, Sara Allgood, the brothers Fay, Maire O'Neill, and Arthur Sinclair. These players have paced the boards of every English-speaking country, while the Abbey plays of peasant life have their place in the repertory of every art theater in Europe.

In a word, Ireland, through her art rather than through her politics, has at last "come out of her corner," and thus

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has prevented the obscuration of her "native sons" by the prefix "Anglo." Even to-day large numbers of not uncultured Europeans think of Bernard Shaw as an Englishman, as in the past they thought of Irishmen like Oscar Wilde.

Three questions should here be asked, and in three words. Whence? Why? Whither? *Whence* sprang the Irish Renaissance? *Why* its existence? *Whither* is it trending?

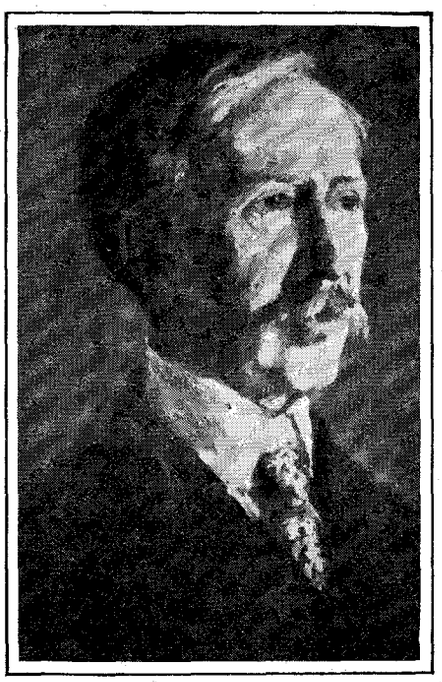
The collective genius of Yeats, Lady Gregory, George Moore, Synge, Padraic Colum, etc., would have gone for nothing had it not been that "the time was ripe." When the turn of the century came, there was a lull in the eternal, infernal fret of Irish politics on its more exacerbated sides with the coming of land purchase. (The ideo-economic argument need not here be stressed beyond its limitations, although it may be remarked in parenthesis that, while the poetry of the Irishman has often been mixed with his politics, it is his passion for politics which has so often helped to kill his poetry!) No man or woman, no genius, can force that immortal hour when a nation is to be reborn. It is enough here to say that the hour had struck and the players were ready to strut their hour.

The Manchester lady, Miss Horniman, now a Saxon saint in an Irish calendar, was Ireland's fairy godmother, who, waving her magic wand, gave Ireland her national theater—the Abbey, to wit.

For that answers our second question. From the beginning the Abbey, in the minds of its sponsors, was to be a "national" theater, not subsidized, but national in the sense that it was to be, first, "native of the soil," and, secondly, that it was to be an expression, not a superimposition.

J. M. Synge, that pale dramatist of the dark places, fresh from his study of stage technique in Paris and his life with the peasants of the west, made his appearance at exactly the psychological moment to face the howls of a Dublin audience and the plaudits of America with his fiercely discussed "Playboy of the Western World." Synge was the *deus ex machinâ* who, through sheer scintillating genius, forced a European attention for the Abbey. He did more—he forced a *national* attention, something infinitely more difficult.

The audiences that thronged the Abbey, in the face of the meretricious London "musical comedy" counter-attraction, were perhaps at once the most ignorant and the most critical in Europe. But they received, and they continued to receive year after year, not only the home product, but the productions of



George Moore

French and other dramatists, with such delighted critical intelligence as has perhaps never before been given in a "national" theater.

And here we may throw a single flash upon the connection in the Irishman's mind between his poetry and his politics and then leave it. While the salient factor in the mentality of the "Abbey audience" has always been its curious and artistic "aloofness" to the politics in the play before it and its caustic and even contemptuous sarcasm at the expense of the native politician, whatever his shade of opinion might be, yet so far had political passion become part even of the Irish artist that Mr. Augustine Birrell, the Irish Home Secretary, felt himself compelled to write about the Abbey that

Padraic Colum

"it was a propaganda center of most formidable significance." It is Ireland's paradox eternal.

Here was a national expression which numbered within its boundaries "neutrals" like Lady Gregory and arch-rebels like Thomas MacDonagh and Joseph Mary Plunkett, both executed as leaders of the 1916 Rebellion. But these last two were not only rebels political but also rebels artistic, for it was they who, with Edward Martyn, in 1914, as a counterblast to the peasant vogue at the Abbey, acquired the Irish Theatre, in Hardwicke Street, with the object of producing modern authors. And such a stream of contrast!

Opening with "The Dream Physician," a four-act psychological comedy by Martyn, it went on to produce, up to its final dissolution in 1920, plays by Ibsen, Tchekoff, Strindberg, and Maeterlinck, as well as plays in Gaelic by Douglas Hyde and Padraic O'Conaire. But much of this was too remote from the mind of the average Irish playgoer, who more perhaps than any other European—if the Irishman be European!—draws his strength and inspiration from the native sod. Ireland has but one expression—nationality.

Irishmen strike ideas from one another as the steel strikes sparks from the flint. Intensely individualist, the Irish artist, mordant hypercritic that he is, would seem at times to feed not only upon the vitals of his fellows but upon his own. To the stranger within the gate a gathering of Irish poets, playwrights, and prose writers in a Dublin drawing-room, with their acrid wit and laughing irony, must often seem like a gathering of damnèd souls—but, as a famous English writer once remarked, "though damned, damned brilliant!"

The Ulster flint struck the idea of the Ulster Literary Theatre out of the Abbey, the idea being to produce plays written in the Ulster dialect by native dramatists like Rutherford Mayne and Gerald MacNamara, whose "The Drone," "The Troth," and "Thomson in Tir-na-nOg" show them not only as playwrights but as actors. This was in 1904.

Then came another spark, this time from Cork with the "Leeside Players" in 1915, giving the work of local playwrights, and yet another "spark" in 1917 with the "Munster Players."

By 1919 many hundreds of amateur dramatic societies had come into being, and with them the foundation of the Irish Dramatic Union by Mr. Arthur Gaynor to assist in giving corporate expression to the dramatic side of the Irish Renaissance, with special regard for the young and promising playwright whose

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works were not yet quite up to, say, the Abbey standard. The immediate result was the tapping of a seemingly inexhaustible supply of native dramatists. Ireland is always dramatic.

The Gaelic and bilingual play began now to make itself felt more and more, and the coming in 1918 of a Gaelic Dramatic Society in Galway, that most Anglicized as most Irish of towns, for the single purpose of producing plays in the Irish language, seemed to have set the seal upon the new movement. But it would seem to have been the seal of extinction, for practically nothing more was heard of the Galway effort.

Is the fantasy and laughter gone forever from the Irish Renaissance on the poetical and dramatic sides? It is at least of vital interest to trace its evolution.

From the mediæval fantasy of "The Countess Cathleen" of Yeats and the earlier work of Colum and Lady Gregory in the first days of that Renaissance we pass to Synge, with his blinding flash and pitiless lancet, for all the dreamy anæsthesia of his poetry and beauty of form. Plays like "The Well of the Saints" and "The Piedish" make us feel this new note, which in its turn passes to the stark realism of "Birthright" and "The Cross-Roads." Then comes a reaction to "The Whiteheaded Boy" of Mr. Lennox Robinson, and the work of the man who may yet be known as "the Genius of the Leeside"—Daniel Corkery, with his mystical "Yellow Bittern." But none can say what the next stage may be.

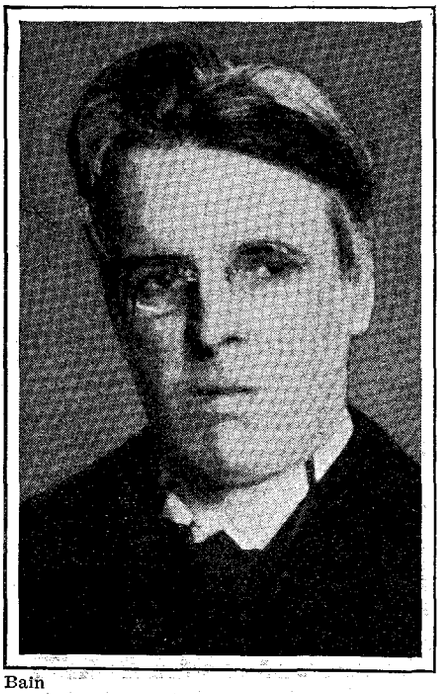
Right from the beginning of the literary revival there have been two schools —one, the "Gaelic;" the other, the "Anglo-Irish." Men like winsome little James Stephens, whose "Crock o' Gold" lies buried in countless hearts outside Ireland, believe that the Irishman must learn to write in the Irish, not the English, and in this he has the support of the more extreme theorists of the Gaelic League, that League which in the revival of singing and dancing, speaking and writing, as in the revival of the pipes and harp with the music of the Gael, has been the mother of the Renaissance. Others, like "John Eglinton" and that exceptionally cultured mind, Ernest A. Boyd, share with Anglicized Irishmen like Bernard Shaw and Frenchified Irishmen like that strangely wonderful exotic, George Moore, the view that English forms the better, even the more natural, medium for the modern Irishman.

The truth is that both media are efficient according to the individual. The English of the Irish artist is perhaps the richest of all English, often with an Elizabethan flavor, but always written in

Lady Gregory

the Irish idiom. The Irishman of the future will be bilingual, and each writer will probably choose his or her medium at will.

Let it be made clear that the average Irish peasant knows as little and cares as little about the poetry and plays of men like Yeats and Synge as the peasant of Galicia. That wondrous mystic writer, George Russell, who writes under the initials "Æ," is known to the peasant as co-operator, not as poet, although "Æ" brings his poetry into his co-operation. A book like Russell's "Candle of Vision" would be Chinese to the average Irishman, whose "vision" takes at times the tint of the oleograph. As for that wayward genius, Lord Dunsany,



Bain

William Butler Yeats

an absolutely unweighable quantity in the Renaissance, the quality of his fantasy is as foreign to the mass of his countrymen as though he were an Eskimo or another James Joyce, that bitter hater of the Ireland of his boyhood.

What Ireland thinks of "Ulysses" or "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" cannot be set down, because Ireland, as Ireland, knows nothing at all about them, and, if it did, would ban them by "bell, book, and candle." Nor indeed is the pathological genius of Joyce part of the Irish Renaissance in any real sense.

One sees the men of the Renaissance to-day in the figures of writers like "Æ," Yeats, Stephens, and Seumas O'Sullivan, and its women in shadowy beautiful forms like that of Ella Young. "Æ," big, brown-bearded, and kindly, biting through the stem of his old brier in Plunkett House, Merrion Square, with a pot of tea a-brew on the hob, and talking like a seraph. Yeats, still a-dreaming, but Senator of the Irish Free State in a House where they say that dreams come true—as dreams. Little James Stephens, quaint as a *merrow* and full of hidden fire. And O'Sullivan, with face of pale delicacy, sculpted from a Grecian pattern.

The Irish Renaissance is, in fact, yet but the renaissance of a minority, but such a minority! So far these groups of talented men and women have been able to touch the imagination of but a fraction of their countrymen, that imagination which lies, perhaps, in the twilight land of religious mysticism.

No man, except the Negro, is so easily spoilable as the Irishman, no man at once so receptive and so conservative. Before the true heart of Ireland can be reached the scales of Anglicization will have to fall away and that false atmosphere which made possible, for example, in the writer's recollection, the picture of a beautiful peasant boy of the south first dancing the exquisite "Blackbird" and then singing a London music-hall song of doubtful portent in the village hall of a fishing hamlet of the County Waterford. Ireland is to-day a rag-and-bone shop in which diamonds are hidden.

To bring forth those jewels to the light of day is the future task of the Renaissance, of which only one thing can be prophesied with any certainty—that the work of its poets, writers, musicians, and dramatists will, as hitherto, be entirely unsentimental but profoundly emotional. The difference between sentiment and emotion is the difference between glass and diamond. It is the thing which is the hall-mark of the Irish artist and of Ireland.

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Why Fans Leave Home

P. & A. Photos

Kelly, of the New York Giants, scoring in the ninth inning of the second game of the World Series, tying the score

P. & A. Photos

Judge, of the Washington team, making the winning run on Peckinpaugh's hit in the ninth inning of the second game of the World Series

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Waiting Maid

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE bedroom doors close tight,
The window-shutter locks. . . .
I can take off my smile to-night
And put it in its box.

I can unclasp my gallantry
And slip my courage down
And stand up stripped of stiffened pride
That covers like a gown.

I need not serve this little while
That I have shut the door,
Nor flatter Life with gratitude
Till morning comes once more.

Riding the Ocean

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Mr. Rutledge goes adventuring in a virgin land and lives to tell the tale

MY introduction to "the Ocean," as we called that weird inviolate region, had in it the quality of the dramatic. As a bareheaded and barefooted boy, riding a little marsh tackey horse on a deer hunt, I had started a great ten-point stag. The hounds went mad on his trail. My tender age was nine; but I was old enough to know that the buck was not running toward the standers. I therefore undertook to cut him off and to turn him. My mount, being by nature a limb of irresponsibility grafted on a stock of wildness, obeyed my frantic injunctions, and "southward aye we fled." A mile we raced in this reckless fashion, through bushes and water, over fallen timber, and past huge swamp briers which took toll of my shirt. Just as it appeared to me that I was about to head off the splendid deer a rider suddenly headed me off. He rushed his black mare into my path and, checking her, held up his hand to me. Such was my respect for Henry Snyder, this Negro woodsman and our foreman on the plantation, that I pulled in my pony willingly enough. The stag and the hounds meanwhile had vanished into a vast shimmering stretch of woods, and the wild clamor of the chase was strangely hushed.

Henry smiled at me deprecatingly, with a gentle understanding and a sympathetic appreciation of my savage effort that were a part of his fine nature.

"You mustn't try to go in there," he said; "that's the Ocean."

"But the deer went in, and the dogs," I protested.

"Yes," he admitted, "but the hounds won't go far, and people mustn't go at all."

Thus early in my life was characterized for me as mysterious this eerie and forbidding place. And as the years passed I came partly to understand the reason for the current woodland saying in that part of the coastal Carolina country: "There's no use to try to follow that deer; he's gone to the Ocean." Yet somewhere in my mind, in that place where we register ambitions, I had recorded the determination some day to explore this mystery, despite the fact that those woodsmen to whom I talked seemed not to share my enthusiasm for the adventure. There were several reasons for their rather definite aversion.

The first was that no man, as far as could be discovered, from the very early settlements in that district by the English and the Huguenots in the seventeenth century, had ever penetrated the Ocean. Again, it had frequently happened that a hound had never emerged from the pursuit of a deer into that treeless swamp. I say "treeless" because at its enchanted borders all natural growth appears to cease; the undergrowth becomes tropically riotous, while the few pines and other trees are strangely dwarfed. This forbidding, or at least mysterious, aspect of the place has doubtless kept intruders at a distance. Again, there are many legends of quicksands in the Ocean; and these meet with a ready acceptance because, some two miles from the eastern boundary, along the stream which partly drains it, there is a well-known bed of quicksand, into which a few years ago a horse and buggy went down fatally. But the vague sorcery of the place is probably less of a deterrent to exploration than the fact that it is not thoroughly drained; in short, true to its name, the Ocean is usually full of water. To enter it in summer, when it might be comparatively dry, would be to expose one's self to black swarms of flies and mosquitoes from the air and to the timber rattler and the great diamond-back from the ground; besides, in the summer even the deer's dim pathways are choked by a mass of exotic greenery. In the winter the rains usually keep the Ocean flooded. Yet a recent autumn drought, extending itself into December, brought me the opportunity for which I had waited—well, for more years than a woman ever gets to be old.

Three miles from the plantation house I turned my horse from the perfectly good road and headed toward the forbidden country. This was almost the exact route that, years before, I had taken to forestall the buck's escape. My marsh tackey was gone, and Henry, the stag, and the hounds—all had vanished into a region which would yield nothing in mystery to the Ocean. It and I remained; but it was permanent. And now, as across the pinelands its ancient enchanting vistas once more came into view, I wondered if it had ever changed, or ever would. Always there is something about the quality of permanence that impels respect; and when the permanence is lasting beauty it exacts reverence and obeisance. Here for century upon century this great tract of wild woodland had retained all the primeval

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mystery and charm of its virginity. And the quality of that charm has in it all the witchery of those attractions which are distinctly feminine. It is in nature an "unravished bride of quietness." Its supernal spirit, if I catch it aright, is distinctly that of Swinburne's Proserpine:

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves she stands,
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands.

My approach to the Ocean brought me to the northern fringe of it. Its dimensions (by my estimate, not by measurement) are somewhat as follows: length, five miles; width, three miles. Well-traveled roads pass on either side of it, but in neither case does the swamp border the road; here and there little estuaries of greenery will extend to the highway, but the great tide of the Ocean is well withdrawn from these routes of travel.

Mention has been made of the feminine charm of the Ocean, and when I say that nothing is more deceptive than the inviting appearance of this eerie country these two statements are not supposed to have any deep and daring implication. Gently and fragrantly the pine wood melts into the tender margins of Circe's domain. The earth underfoot is firm white and black sand; scores of animal paths lead through the undergrowth of bays, myrtles, gall-berries, huckleberries. A rainy fragrance is brushed from the glimmering foliage. Sunshine which expresses the rapture of deep-hearted peace steeps the scene. Afar it is shed over the shimmering copses before me. For two hundred yards I ride into this mystic still country, feeling indeed its witchery, feeling that I am deliberately submitting to enchantment, but having no reason to doubt or to fear—unless my horse's growing nervousness may be taken to indicate coming trouble. I notice that my mount trembles; and when I draw her in she stamps petulantly. She snorts nervously. A horse is aware of strange country; and in this case perhaps my mount has winded a black bear, a diamond-back, or some nameless chimera of this forbidden land.

Not long was I to be lulled by the exotic beauty of the scene into believing it secure or genuine. We were following a deer path through the myrtles that brushed my stirrups. Suddenly my horse stopped on the edge of what looked like a black pool of moderate proportions. Upon being urged forward, my mount crouched, trembling, and then bounded high over the black water. Such behavior called for an investigation. Dismounting, and tying my horse, I examined the ebon pit over which we had just so blithely soared. From its appearance I knew it at once to be an alligator den. Here, certainly, was one reason why many a fine hound had never emerged from his rash adventuring into the Ocean. Cutting a limb from a tree bay, I began to probe the hole and to examine its edges. My horse punctuated my detective work with a good deal of fidgeting and nervous nipping of the bushes.

The pool was still, but not glassy. To find fresh water at the height of such a drought was sure proof that a deep spring lay somewhere beneath this black opening. The sides of this witches' caldron were smooth, dark, sandy loam. There were many tracks on the margins. Into the mystic water I thrust my pole. It went down about nine feet, but I was sure that it had not reached the real bottom. A little maneuvering showed me that there was a curve in the deep subterranean passage. There, no doubt, was the den of this wildwood minotaur.

The den of the alligator has never been carefully explored; but it is usually located in an offset from some watery entrance. I have seen alligators take their prey and plunge downward with it; and the woodland belief prevails that the creature so caught will be borne to the grim saurian's den, where several meals at leisure can be enjoyed. From such haunts, properly situated under banks, ancient cypresses, and the like, alligators can be drawn with a long pole with a sharp hook attached. The Bible question, therefore, "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?" can be answered in the affirmative.

Such an alligator's home as I had found on the borders of the Ocean represents a very interesting type of the dwelling of a wild solitary. Here and there in the Southern woods are ponds and streams, and most of these have in them a few alligators. The hole I found was in the dry bed of a watercourse, and probably it had been one of the stream's sources but was now sterile through drought. When prolonged dry weather occurs in the summer or autumn, these wood-dwelling alligators will crawl miles to reach the river. I once came upon one at least two miles from the river. Such a truly aquatic creature so far from water has a most decidedly high-and-dry appearance. He will, if menaced, rise abruptly and with vast *gaucherie* on his short legs, and will waddle ferociously toward his tormentor, his jaws open, his back arched high, the tip of his tail trailing the earth. But this reptile was not built for charging. He may rush forward awkardly for ten or fifteen feet, his aspect terrible and grim. But then he will glumly subside, his jaws closing with a vast suspired hiss, much like a tumultuous sigh. For all his strength and courage, he is pretty helpless. He is a giant, but he is out of his element.

The alligator in the black hole which I was probing was doubtless hibernating. Such sleep is apparently the proper custom for reptiles in that region; yet, since it is on the line of hibernation, these creatures by no means drowse the winter through—at least not every winter. It is very disconcerting, therefore, to attempt to keep track of their habits. During some winters all these creatures will be plunged into that coma whence Persephone alone can awake them. During another season some of the number only allow nature to tuck her children in for a long nap. Again, they may go to sleep, and in January an amorous day will bring them forth. To observe wild life on the line of hibernation is continually to be astonished. The fearsome roar of the bull alligator, which purports to be his song of love, and therefore a vernal utterance, I have heard as early as the first week in February. In January I have found a huge diamond-back sunning himself drowsily but amiably before his fell den. In other winters not one of these creatures is to be seen. Whether this alligator on the border of the Ocean had hibernated or whether he had crawled away in search of deeper water I could not know. But from the behavior of my horse I had reason to believe that he was at home, and that my mount had had his musky scent.

In the saddle once more, I left the gleaming borders of my enchanted land and rode straight for the Ocean's heart. Perhaps three hundred yards I went; then I drew rein as a great bird launched himself from the crest of a pine and sailed, on a long, long arc, to the ground. A moment later and another wild turkey got up out of the bushes, literally under my horse's nose. He beat his way off heavily. It seems hard for a wild turkey to get a start in the air; but when he has gathered momentum no bird is more swift and dextrous. Possibly a fox or a wildcat had driven the first turkey into the pine; possibly he had heard my coming and had gone aloft to reconnoiter.

A half-mile from the alligator hole I began to encounter real difficulty. Here the bushes were of a disconcerting height; mounted though I was, their baffling tender maze of odorous leaves took me about the eyes. I had a smothered, drowning feeling. Here and there a great man-bodied vine, swamp brier or supplejack, would lay no uncertain hands on my horse and on me. There is no use wrestling with a vine like that. It has either to be cut through or evaded. A few attempts at evasion had the effect

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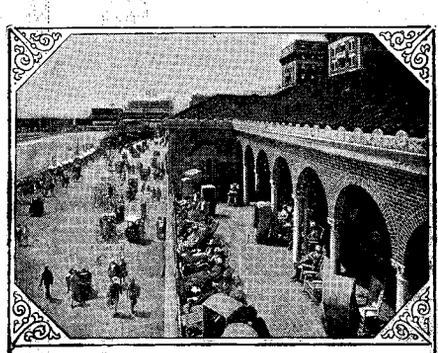

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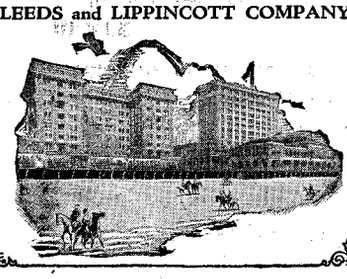

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of confusing my sense of direction. And all about me was a silently rolling sea of aromatic foliage, glamourous, cloistered, endlessly retiring. Beneath me there was a labyrinth of witching trails, leading over damp sand—an obscure region, luminous in the green night of the shadows of tropical foliage. I began to feel that my friends were right when they advised me not to attempt to penetrate the Ocean. And my horse was very certain that they had been right. This feeling for both of us was intensified upon our coming abruptly to a strange body of water—the oddest I ever encountered, even in a region where eerie ponds and weird lagoons are common features of the landscape.

This body of water was a creek or a small river, densely overhung by riotous growths, many of which had ancient gnarled forms which stooped as if in eternal agony over the alchemic ruby-red water that I saw gleaming far below the banks. The banks broke sheerly for eight or nine feet; the width of the creek was perhaps ten feet; the water in it, where I tested it, was five feet deep. Deep red it was, and apparently rich or heavy in its character. The color, I knew, was due to the staining of the leaves and the roots. Slow was its current, as listless as Lethe's; yet where a miniature barrier of twigs formed a waterfall faint elfin music rose. For this examination I had of course slipped to the ground. My horse and I were under the green canopy of the Ocean; and I had the sensation of a diver in this beryl-country under the lonely foam.

The stream flowed north and south, and it appeared an effective barrier to my going farther. Apparently it came from the heart of the Ocean; its outlet I could not guess, though I knew all the neighboring streams. There could be no doubt but that this water would eventually mingle with the common yellow tide of the Santee, though perhaps by some underground channel. Tying my horse to a heavy bay tree, the side of which, I noticed, had had a deep groove scored into it by a buck in rubbing the velvet from his antlers, I began to explore the stream for a ford. At several places I could see where deer had leaped, and a raccoon's track had passed on the sand down the edge of the rosy water. But there was no crossing visible for a horse and a man. An hour's search up and down confirmed my judgment in this. I therefore tied my horse with a double half-hitch, affixed my handkerchief to a long stick, which in turn I bound to the bay tree, so that the thing would be as a signal to me from afar, and ventured to strike alone on foot forward into the Ocean. In leaving the matter of the creek I may say that I never found either its source or its mouth; and old woodsmen to whom I afterwards talked told me that they never knew there was such a body of water in the Ocean.

A quarter of a mile from where my horse was tied, some of which distance had been negotiated on hands and knees, I came to something like a ridge. This rose gently. It was underbedded with white sand. Here grew huckleberry bushes in profusion. Here, too, were thousands of deer tracks; and many washing places of wild turkeys I found in the warm sand to the leeward of thick tufts of bushes. East and west the ridge extended; and as far as I could see the red-tinged huckleberries grew. Thirty feet was the width of this ridge; on either side shimmered the lush greenery of the ancient fastness. Mile after mile it extended—a haunt of silence, of sapphire strangeness, of something akin to sorcery. I decided to follow the ridge northward. If bushes do not grow above a man's waist he can keep his self-respect in wild country. What delighted me, on what I was pleased to christen Buck Ridge, was the abundance of the signs of wild life everywhere visible. I gathered and tied together with a piece of buckskin a good many woodland trophies that I found. Among these were wing and tail feathers from wild turkeys, dropped antlers from the whitetail, and tusks from the bleached skull of a wild boar. At one place far down the ridge I came to a group of small bush-headed black cypresses; here, I knew, would be a pond. But the water was gone. The bottom, however, was lined with a deep carpet of sphagnum moss. Into this strange depression I stepped, the moss perfectly muffling my footfalls. Because of the silence of my approach I walked to within six feet of two deer lying in the huckleberries. Both were does. One sprang east, and the other jumped west. The second deer landed on a space of bare sand. From her bed I measured this jump; it was a little more than sixteen feet. In jumping from its bed a deer often takes a nervous and most effective stance. I have observed one of these lithe cretures go through with the whole performance.

A deer lies down like a sheep or like cattle, and he is very fond of laying his head along his flanks. Sometimes he will stretch out his legs rather awkwardly. But when a deer hears or scents danger, before he jumps he will jerk himself into the position of a crouched rabbit. To do this he draws his legs in swiftly, turns so as to right himself, and crouches in such a manner that his great legs have just the purchase they need for a leap of twenty

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feet or so. Understood in this manner, the deer's power of springing far out of his bed seems the less remarkable.

Neither one of the deer that I started went far. Both of them stopped on the ridge, eyed me curiously, seemed not to discover my presence formidable, and then stole away softly into the dim greenery of the Ocean's wilds.

Beyond the cypresses I came to a deer's rubbing place. Here was a small live-oak, the acorn of which must have been brought there by some bird—probably a blue jay. The tree showed signs of age, but it was not more than twenty feet high. Its limbs were low-sweeping. Under it I picked up several dropped antlers; and on its trunk and limbs I discovered many smooth places where the bucks had rubbed the velvet from their tingling horns. This would have been done in late August and in September; here again in late February and in March they evidently repaired to allay their itching foreheads by rubbing off their outworn horns. The oak itself might well have been a century old; and I wondered how many deer had repaired to it, and how many others had passed it. Standing at a point in the Ocean where, I believed, many a deer, pursued from the pinelands, would feel himself wholly safe, the oak took on for me the aspect of a sanctuary—or at least a sentry guarding the green mysterious gateway to the lone and secret home of wild things harried and hunted.

Beyond the oak the ridge ended. I found myself ringed on three sides by lisping coverts of endless tender foliage. Over the bays and sweet-gums and myrtles vast vines had clambered, spreading and lowering gorgeous tapestries of greenery, starred here and there by golden jasmine blooms. As far as I could see the misty emerald Ocean expanded, solitary and beautiful. I will not say that no human eye had ever before visioned this lost beauty, for of old the Seminoles might have penetrated this primeval wasteland of loveliness. But I doubt if another white man has seen it. Nor was I to see much more of it.

In the sand at the end of the ridge I discovered a straight rut, broad and deep; it was the trail of a diamond-back, and a fresh one. This fact leads me to say that the temperature of the Ocean is probably higher than that of the surrounding country. For five miles it is a solid windbreak; the winds pass over it, but not through it. There the sun gleams with wan persuasive warmth, and there the airs are still and balmy and aromatic.

For some distance into the undergrowth I followed the rattler's trail; but such business involves a degree of nervous tension not long sustainable, espe-

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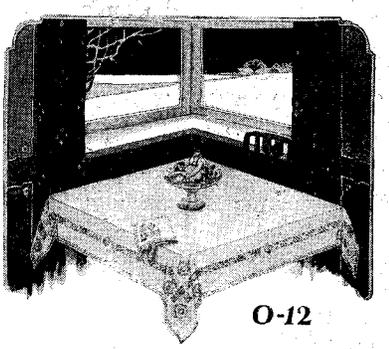

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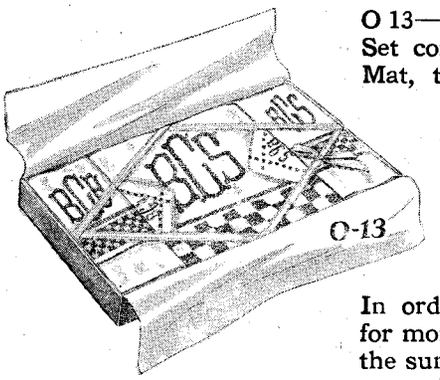

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cially when one must be stooping in a twilight jungle to keep the track of such a creature. In the highroad off the Ocean I had seen killed one of these grim monsters that was nearly eight feet in length. To meet one in the Ocean's jungles might be an encounter too exciting to be comfortable. Out of the dense copse I flushed a covey of quail; they whirred away wildly. Back on the ridge once more, I felt that I could probably make no farther progress into the Ocean itself. The sun was getting close to the black barrier of pines, far to the westward. With a species of reluctant relief I turned down the ridge; before dusk set in I was in the plantation highroad once more.

Had I really explored the Ocean? Far from it. I had merely blundered along the margins of an enchanted land. Despite my ride, I feel that the Ocean is still unviolated; and so it is likely to remain—a wide woodland sea of silent, shimmering country, dewy, veiled, sequestered, eternal and virgin in some mystic, spiritual springtime.

The Book Table

Huckleberry and Sherlock

Reviews by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

THE autobiographies of two world-famous authors have appeared within a week or two. The son of Irish parents, who was born in Scotland, and has been all his life a loyal son of the British Empire, is officially Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, but is affectionately known everywhere as Conan Doyle. He has written thirty or forty books of varying merit, but with this mark of distinction—that there is not a dull one in the lot. If he was made a knight for his pamphlet "The Cause and Conduct of the War in South Africa," he should, as Mr. Arthur Maurice says, have been made a Duke for writing "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." He is in the prime of life, and will live, we all hope, to write another book as good as "Sir Nigel." If Sherlock Holmes, as one humble reader told his creator, has not been quite the same man since he fell over that cliff (and, remembering some of the stories, I am not prepared to agree), there is no reason why Sir Arthur Doyle should not write another of his cracking good historical novels. And his autobiography [1] is readable from the first word on the first page to the last word of all.

Although he has invented one character whose very name has passed into the language, nay, into almost all the languages of the world, as hardly any character of Dickens or Shakespeare has done, and although he has written two or three historical novels of the first rank, it is nevertheless improbable that he has written one book which will endure as long as either "Tom Sawyer" or "Huckleberry Finn." It is not a mere narrow feeling of patriotism which makes Americans estimate those books as works of art which will still be enjoyed when Sherlock Holmes is forgotten. Mark Twain, whose autobiography [2] appears this week, was for many years a personality of world-wide interest. It slowly dawned upon many of his countrymen that he was not a mere "funny man," but a philosopher; and that his romance about that vagrant of the Mississippi with the absurd name was not a dubious yarn about a ragamuffin, but one of the chief glories of American literature. It is true that the supercilious critic has sometimes tried to win distinction by affecting to despise Mark Twain, and that a new type of critic has pitched upon the pessimism of his old age and tried to prove that this was the dominant characteristic of his life. And one of the unfortunate things about the "Autobiography" is that it will strengthen this error.

The creator of Huckleberry Finn and the creator of Sherlock Holmes have had in their careers many points of similarity. To both, their literary abilities came as somewhat of a surprise; the discovery was made in mature years that each was a born teller of tales. Both had a fair amount of adventure in early life, Twain as pilot, and afterwards as miner in the far West; and Doyle as ship's surgeon on an Arctic whaler and on the African coast. Both were great travelers in later years. Neither led the life of the typical "literary man," detached from the world, living in an ivory tower, and talking perpetually about art. Each was, in some sense, a citizen of the world, eagerly fighting at one time or another for various causes which seemed right to him; causes political, humanitarian, or religious. The books of both have had, and still have, enormous popularity and great sales, and this fact has caused their reputations to suffer in the eyes of critics who accept the fallacy that what almost every one enjoys is invariably bad, and that excellence in art vanishes as soon as it finds favor outside a small circle consisting of the critic and his friends.

Mark Twain's genius is a mystery, as genius is apt to be. By the way, why shouldn't the lack of hereditary influences and educational advantages to explain his work pave the way for the theory, two or three hundred years from now, that his books were really written, say, by William James or by President Eliot? No Baconian (and Mark Twain, among other vagaries of his later life, inclined to this one) ought to find anything too difficult to swallow in this belief. For, of course, it would be beneath the dignity of scholars like James and Eliot to acknowledge Twain's works, just as it was impossible for the learned Francis Bacon to admit the authorship of a vulgar play like "Hamlet."

Conan Doyle was the descendant, however, of a family of artists. He was a pugnacious schoolboy; Mayne Reid was his favorite author and "The Scalp Hunters" his favorite book. Among the particularly interesting things which is revealed in "Memories and Adventures" is that Professor Rutherford, of Edinburgh, was the original for the enormously amusing Professor Challenger of "The Lost World," one of the most spirited adventure stories ever written. The chapter of whaling adventure is excellent, and practically all new. The autobiographic nature of "The Stark Munro Letters" and the fact that "Cullingworth" is a portrait are interesting revelations. The book is anything but the tepid memoirs of a literary man, but is a lively narrative of travel, of sport, of adventure in two wars, and of meetings with famous men and women in a dozen different countries.

I wish I could say as much for "Mark Twain's Autobiography." Instead, it is a great and grievous disappointment, and his biographer, Mr. Paine, his daughter, and his publishers would have done well if they could have found it possible to prevent its publication. It comes out fourteen years after his death, and it opens with the solemn announcement, from Mark Twain himself, that "I am writing from the grave." Much more is said about the possibility of being frank under these circumstances. But the

[1] Memories and Adventures. By Arthur Conan Doyle. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.50.

[2] Mark Twain's Autobiography. With an Introduction by Albert Bigelow Paine. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York. $10.

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book consists of a great deal that was printed years ago in the "North American Review," together with other pages which are superfluous after Mr. Paine's magnificent biography, Mark Twain's own letters and books, and the biographical material from Mr. Howells and many others. I found myself turning page after page of the two volumes, reading stories that are *so* old, *so old* (like the two meetings with General Grant), and wondering when something new, something startling and frank, was coming. Rarely did I find anything new; never anything which needed publication so badly as to justify these two large volumes, with their preponderance of old yarns.

After about 1895, the date of the "Joan of Arc," or possibly 1898 ("The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg"), Mark Twain's literary career was practically ended. There were flashes of the old style, as in "Eve's Diary," but there was little more to be said. The author himself could not be expected to see this, but his literary executors have done him poor service in bringing out these two volumes, wherein what is good is warmed over and what is new is trivial. A large part of one volume consists of comments, dictated in 1906, about news of the day. Pages and pages are devoted to reprinting newspaper accounts of the "Mrs. Minor Morris Incident"—a regrettable affair when a mentally afflicted lady had to be forcibly removed from the White House. Persons like Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, together with some of the newspapers, endeavored to magnify this into cause for an attack upon the President's secretary, and indirectly upon the President. It has not the remotest connection with Mark Twain, nor any interest to-day. And Mark Twain directed that all this rubbish should be reprinted in his Autobiography, and nobody has had the wisdom to stop it!

There are a very few pages in these two volumes which are worth reading. There are a few which appear to be new, although they are not important. But here is one reader of Mark Twain, one who "honors his memory, on this side idolatry as much as any," who regrets that the book has been published.

The New Books

FICTION

DEVONSHERS (THE). By Honoré Willsie Morrow. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

The author never fails to make us recognize the majesty and impressiveness of mountains and canyons—she depicts them with the devotion and sincerity of a great painter. Equally she impresses

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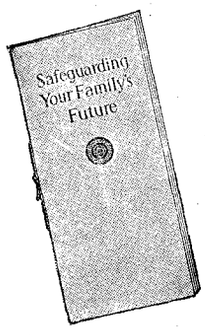

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us with her sound American love of fairness and justice. In the handling of plot and characters she is less successful, and there is too much here of the retelling of the same thing by different people.

FINGER-POST (THE). By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Minton, Balch & Co., New York. $2.

Joseph, son of a Sussex thatcher, is a sickly, ugly lad, laughed at and hating those who laugh. He is the "finger-post" who is pointed at with jeers (and deserves it, for he has a perverted spirit), yet who grows up to brilliant worldly success. The story is not cheerful, but it has subtle knowledge of human nature and underlying power, as well as faithful local coloring.

GOLDEN BALLAST. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

A novel treasure story, for the treasure is discovered at the start and the question is how to keep it. Also a novel sea story, for the captain of the mysterious ketch is a girl. There are passages about sailing that will please lovers of boats. Altogether a jolly and exciting tale.

LONELY O'MALLEY. By Arthur Stringer. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.

Lonely has all the longings of another Tom Sawyer, and they lead him into fun, fights, and frolic, including piracy and a few hours of circus life. If a boy doesn't like this story, he isn't a boy.

SUNCLOUDS. By Octavus Roy Cohen. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Mr. Cohen's stories of Negro life in Birmingham continue to be excruciatingly funny. "The Battle of Sedan" in this book is a fair corker. The author's titles and names are ingeniously comic—*e. g.*, his volume called "Assorted Chocolates"—and we never tire of his society, "The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise." Sometimes we wonder if Birmingham darkies *do* talk as Mr. Cohen makes them; and it is hard to forgive him for beginning sentences like this: "Too, he visioned several young ladies." But these are minor matters; the fun's the thing.

BIOGRAPHY

CHARLES PROTEUS STEINMETZ: A BIOGRAPHY. By J. W. Hammond. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

While Steinmetz was living it was difficult to obtain from him any detailed account of his whole past. To those who urged him to write an autobiography he answered that it was too much bother. His mind was always on the future and its problems—not on the past with problems too late to solve. After much urging, however, on the part of an old friend he consented to relate the many incidents, starting at the beginning, and the author named above was chosen to whip

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the conversation into systematic, prepared form. The result is the first complete account of Steinmetz's life.

There was a great deal of mystery surrounding this man, who disliked to be called "wizard." Yet he appears to have lived a rather normal life, enjoyed about the same kind of thing most people enjoy, and had average traits. Especially is it a distinction for a great man not to have shown early signs of genius, nor, on the other hand, to have been stupid in school. His father was not even poor and ignorant—just an average railroad clerk, who was able to sympathize with his boy's mechnical bent and help him.

One of the most interesting things told is how Steinmetz acquired his middle name, for he was originally Carl August Rudolph. "Proteus" was a nickname, at first.

PRIVATE LIFE OF LOUIS XV (THE). By Mouffle d'Angerville. Edited by Albert Meyrac. Translated by H. S. Mingard. Boni & Liveright, New York.

This is an abridgment from the author's four-volume work, "Vie privée de Louis XV," and it is largely concerned with the less creditable side of what is supposed to be the most discreditable reign in the history of France. But the book makes clear that before any of us adds to the shower of stones which are always thrown at Louis XV we should consider how much better we would have done in his place. He started his career with as much good sense as any monarch was permitted to have; he was well-meaning, religious, and even strict in his ideas of conduct. Scheming courtiers, including priests, deliberately corrupted him for their own selfish purposes. Consequently, a king with ability and good intentions, the loving and beloved father of his children—his family included several daughters—has come down to us as an illustrious example of wickedness and depravity.

DRAMA

MOSES. A Play in a Prologue and Seven Scenes. By Lawrence Langner. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

The life of Moses, leader of Israel, as revealed in the book of Exodus lends itself to dramatic treatment in a comedy-drama that attempts inferentially a valuation and criticism of modern civilization. Moses appears a not always convincing casuist. His iconoclastic fanaticism and ruthless uprooting of the art impulse which budded during the Egyptian captivity are shown as counterparts of a moral and legal system based on prohibitions. The author unnecessarily expounds his thesis in a long preface. The play suffers from the defects of its kind: it is didactic and often heavy. Only brilliancy of dialogue could compensate

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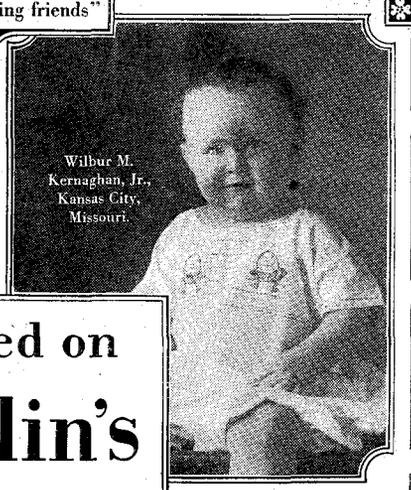

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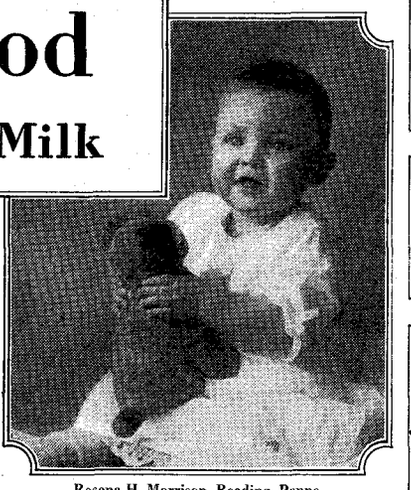

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE OUTLOOK, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1924.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold T. Pulsifer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of THE OUTLOOK, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher—The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. Editor—Ernest H. Abbott, 381 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. City. Managing Editor—Harold T. Pulsifer, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. Business Manager—Raymond B. Bowen, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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(Signed) HAROLD T. PULSIFER, Managing Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1924.

(Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.

[SEAL] Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County Clerk's No. 68; New York County Register's No. 6067; Certificate filed in New York County: Commission expires March 30, 1926.

obvious treatment of situations, and this quality, unfortunately, is lacking.

PLAYS. By Jacinto Benevente. Fourth Series, 1924. Translated with an Introduction by John Garrett Underhill. Containing **The School of Princesses, A Lady, The Magic of an Hour, Field of Ermine.** Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Three dramas and a wistful dialogue comprise the most recent collection of Benevente's plays ably translated by Mr. Underhill. One notes the spiritual kinship to Pirandello and Molnar, the ironic and occasionally satiric note. Benevente appeals more to the ear than the eye, dispensing with the impedimenta of elaborate scenery. Indeed, the settings are merely hinted at, a concession, perhaps, to more primitive (or conservative) conditions in the Spanish theater. Characterization is vivid and interest sustained through well-handled dialogue and masterly construction. There is no kaleidoscopic succession of incident; rather, the ordered development of dramatic concepts imaginatively treated.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

SEEING CANADA. By John T. Farris. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. $6.50.

This is a popular account of our northern neighbor which will interest the stay-at-home traveler and the tourist who is planning his first trip to Canada. From Nova Scotia to the Yukon we are given a glimpse of the country's scenic charms, and of its legend and history. There are many illustrations.

We could wish that fuller information had been given of the superlatively beautiful regions of the Canadian Rockies and Selkirks. American travelers are visiting these mountains in increasingly large numbers, and there are many who would plan to see far more than the scenery in the immediate vicinity of the few large hotels. If a traveler is favored with reasonably good summer weather, he will not regret arranging for as long a stay in western Canada as his pocketbook and conscience will allow.

SCIENCE

WHY THE WEATHER? By Charles Franklin Brooks. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

There have been many books about the subject of meteorology, all discussing the same general range of topics, but this book is a little different. In a general way, it is somewhat less technical and more readable than most. Simply, a newspaper reporter attended the classes in meteorology conducted at Clark University and reported the lectures in popular form to his paper. This at once put the lectures through the sieve, eliminating the phraseology that would be too technical for the average newspaper reader to enjoy. Instead of taking up the various topics in the usual text-book

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style, the book follows the weather through the year. Thus we have "early spring weather," "May weather," "summer weather." It is certain that the reader would learn how to draw the line, for instance, between the old weather proverbs that are based on truth and those that are based on age. It contains about 300 pages, well leaded, and the type is large and clear. The fact that it was syndicated by Science Service insures its authenticity.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS. By Alice Meynell. The Medici Society, Ltd., London, England, and Boston, Mass.

This new edition forms a fitting memorial to Mrs. Meynell, whose devout chapters on Christ's Mother are pervaded with the poetical fervor, the mysticism, the artistic insight, and the familiarity with patristic lore that characterize many another of the author's books and essays. The pictures are dainty in the extreme and are admirably reproduced in color, but virginal prettiness seems to be the artist's ideal rather than that of the regal majesty of the Queen of Heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS

FIRST AID TO THE OPERA-GOER. By Mary Fitch Watkins. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $3.

These are the stories of forty-two of the most popular operas. A highly interesting book for those who go to the opera. And also for those who cannot. There is an introduction by Antonio Scotti, and a number of illustrations.

Notes on New Books

TALES FROM NATURE'S WONDERLANDS. By William T. Hornaday. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Popular description of big game, prehistoric animals, wonders of geology, and wild tribes and animals of the present.

CONVERSATIONS IN EBURY STREET. By George Moore. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

The famous author talks with Walter de la Mare, Granville-Barker, Edmund Gosse, and others about art and literature.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER. By Frederic L. Paxson. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $6.

Professor Paxson writes a historical work upon the American frontier from 1763 onward, showing its continual Western movement and its final disappearance.

REDCLIFF. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

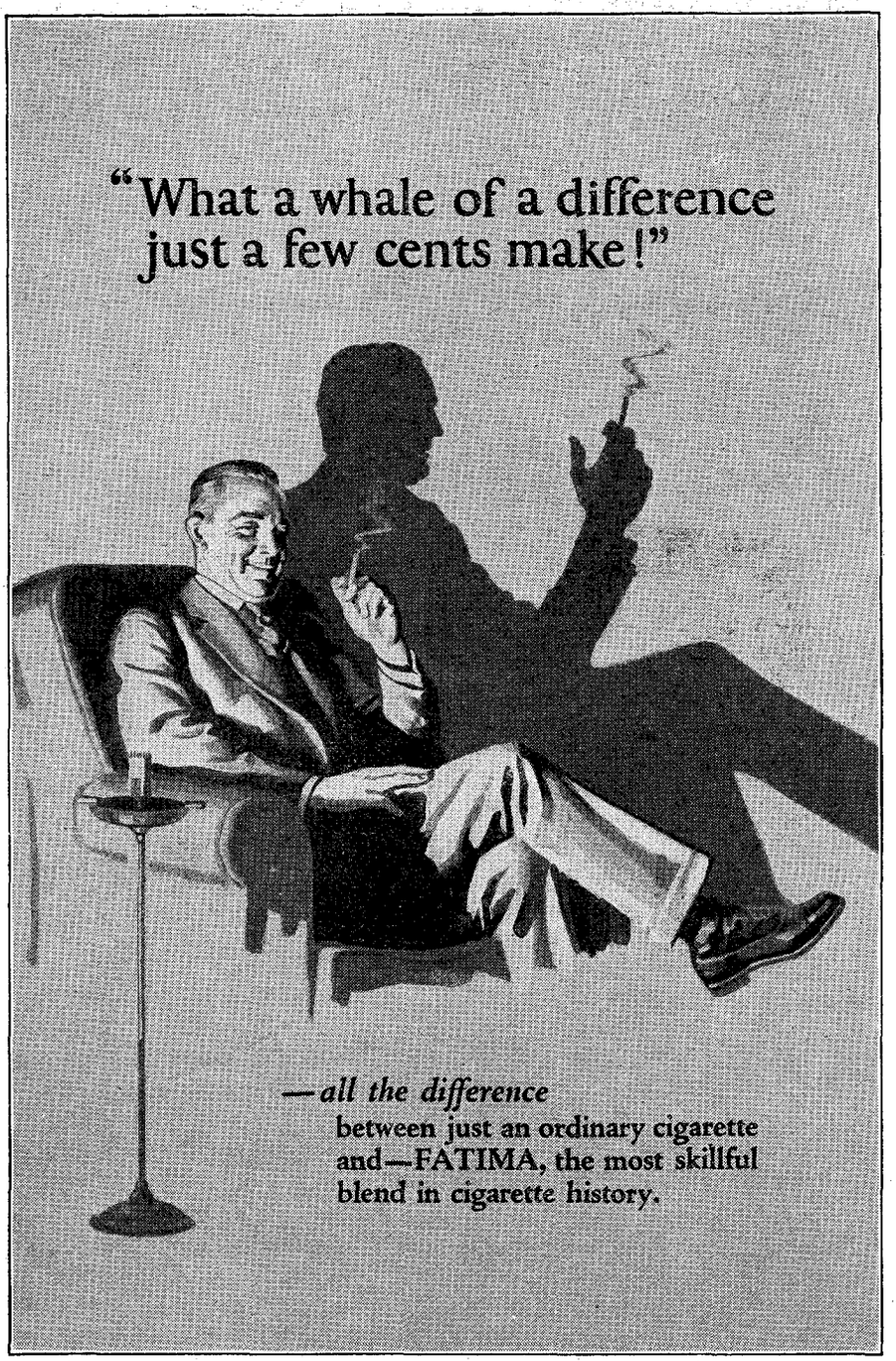
A novel of life on the coast of Devonshire.

BEST SERMONS, 1924. Edited by Joseph Fort Newton. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.50.

Sermons by Dr. Fosdick, Dr. Hillis, Dr. George A. Gordon, and other celebrated American clergymen.

LEAVES FROM THE GOLDEN BOUGH. Culled by Lady Frazer. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

The widow of the author of "The Golden Bough" has made some interesting and popular selections from her husband's great work, and the book has been charmingly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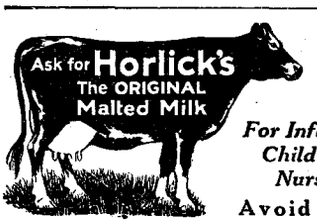

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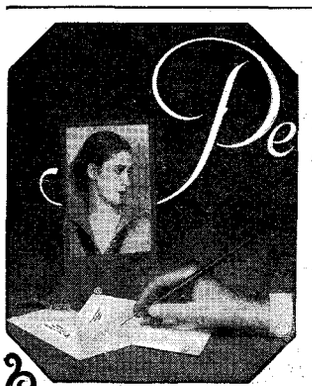

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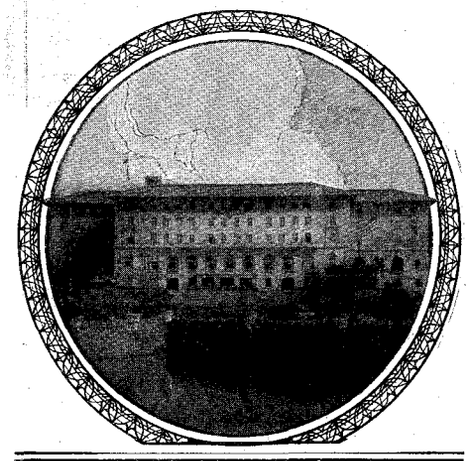

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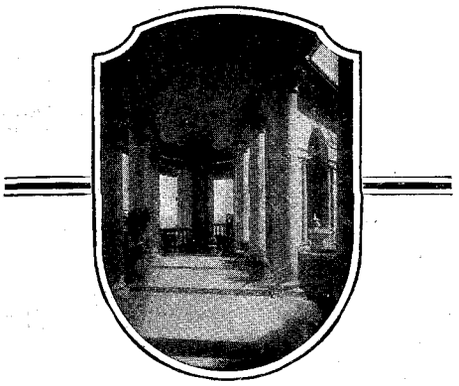

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The author of "A Beachcomber in the Orient" travels in Mexico and Central America.

R. F. D. NO. 3. By Homer Croy. Harper & Brothers, New York.

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A short novel by the author of "I Pose." The scene is China.

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Popular lessons in hygiene and physiology written to make the subject interesting and intelligible to children.

By the Way

A VENDER of miscellaneous household wares, a subscriber says, came to his neighbor's back door and asked her to buy some of his goods. She said she didn't want anything. He told her he intended coming around every Monday, and drove away. After he got quite a ways off she called him back. He returned with alacrity and expectancy, and was told that she didn't want anything next Monday either!

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

Mother—"Dennis, why did teacher keep you after school?"

Dennis—"It wasn't my fault, mother. Somebody tied my coat-tails to the seat when we were ready to sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

The following story is attributed by an English magazine to Mr. J. R. Clynes, the British Labor leader and member of the Cabinet. Mr. Clynes, though himself a loyal trade-unionist, has doubtless had his troubles with his fellow-workers and doesn't mind getting off a story at their expense:

"A gas inspector, after watching for some time two men wheeling barrows of coke and noting that one did double the work of the other, remonstrated with the ca'-canny delinquent: 'Do you know that that man there wheels two barrow-loads for your one?' 'Didn't I tell him so?' was the come-back—'but he wouldn't hear reason. You go and tell him; he'll mind you.'"

Among the curiosities of the "agony column" the following deserves a good position:

WANTED—A childless couple to adopt baby girl 22 months old, healthy, bright and clever; both parents from best Virginia stock; must be willing to put at least $100,000 in trust for the child. For further information, ——, Times.

The history of "Godey's Lady's Book" is told in the "American Mercury" with this interesting finale:

Not even his [Godey's] ghost was destined to live. Frank A. Munsey, the journalistic knacker, saw to that. The name was changed to "Godey's Magazine" and almost immediately it lost its character. In 1898 the last number was published. Then Mr. Munsey drove up his dead wagon and

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NURSE, capable, refined, traveled, wishes position with invalid going South. Highest physicians' reference. Miss May, 1216 Vine St., Cincinnati, O.

GRADUATE nurse would like the complete care of a child. References given to interested parties. 5,506, Outlook.

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LADY, qualified by training and experience for the management of children. Institutional work a specialty. Best of references. 5,503, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, position as companion to patient going to California for the winter, or would consider a permanent, chronic, or invalid case. 5,507, Outlook.

COMPETENT and experienced nurse wishes position to travel with invalid or elderly person. Best of references. 5,510, Outlook.

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STENOGRAPHIC SECRETARY—Woman of education, refinement, and an A1 stenographer, with knowledge of bookkeeping, desires employment by the hour afternoons or evenings, or part time position. Box 2, 70 West 88th St., New York.

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WOMAN, trained executive, as club or hotel manager; ten years' experience; conscientious, economical; references. 5,519, Outlook.

BUSINESS woman wishes position as secretary or assistant to executive. Twenty years' experience, mostly with one firm and in executive work. Last seven years discharged duties of secretary and assistant treasurer. Has knowledge of stenography and accounting, with wide general office experience. Should have $50 a week to start. 5,516, Outlook.

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WOMAN of culture, experience, adaptability, wishes position as companion-secretary to lady. Exceptional references. 5,483, Outlook.

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EXPERIENCED managing housekeeper, excellent cook, will take entire charge of kitchen for business people or small family. No general housework. 5,499, Outlook.

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MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

TRAINED nurse, college graduate, will undertake the physical and mental care of a child in her Vermont home. 5,485, Outlook.

WANTED — Girls, by State accredited nurses' training schools. Free board, room, tuition. Cash allowance paid. For catalogs write FREE BUREAU OF ALL SCHOOLS, 1101 Times Bldg., New York.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things .services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

TRAINED nurse will board child needing special care and attention. Excellent reference. Terms reasonable. 5,508, Outlook

interred the remains in the "Puritan." Gone were the crinoline days and gone was Godey's subscription list.

From the "Country Gentleman:"

"Breddern an' sistern, I exportations yo', befo' de Lord an' dis conjugation, nebber to, on puppose aforesaid, disrespect a man because his clothes is po'. Many a patched pair o' britches covers a kind an' honest heart."

From "Munn's Review" (Carbondale, Pennsylvania) under the head "Specials:"

Toot! Toot! Toot! Man proposes, God disposes. Owing to the death of my brother this week I was unable to peddle. Will be on the job Tuesday. L. W. C——.

A reader sends the following, asking if it is new enough to print. We think it is almost forgotten, so bring it once more to the light:

What a queer bird the frog are!
When he sit he stand, almost.
When he hop he fly, almost.
He aint got no sense, hardly, either.
He aint got no tail, hardly, either.
He sit on what he aint got, almost.

The above essay on the frog reminds us of another, the credit for which we have mislaid:

Willie—"Uncle, please make a noise like a frog."

Uncle—"Why, my boy?"

Willie—" 'Cause whenever I ask father for anything, he says, 'Wait till your uncle croaks.' "

The symbolic cup of cold water is often called for by stranded seamen. An appeal by one of these, published in the "Lookout" of the Seaman's Church Institute of New York City, is pathetic in its simplicity. It reads:

"I have a sea bag in the baggage room at the Institute, which I would like to have over here at the hospital, where I have been on my back for three months. If the chaplain knew this, I am almost sure he would pay the charges and bring the bag over, as he is a very good man. But the bag is heavy and I am going to ask if the Seaman's Institute would cross out the debt and send the bag by express. I cannot make any promise to pay this money back. I would have had now some of the money that I saved on my last trip, but had to spend it to live. I am suffering with tuberculosis and will not be able to work for a long time."

We are quite sure that this sufferer got his sea bag. There may be others!

Answer to last week's riddle: Spin, pin, in; charmed, harmed, armed.

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